

# CAVALCADE



MARCH, 1947. 1/-

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# Cavalcade

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## put a *ring* on your finger



CLARE McCARDILL

A girl who's realistic can improve her chances of catching a husband.

NGAIO was 27 and mesquite. She lived alone and loathed it. For years she had been going out with various fellows, but somehow not one of them had clicked. Except Edmund. Edmund was everything she looked for in a man—handsome, romantic, dependable, kind, with a good job. But he didn't give her a thought.

When she could bear lonely hopelessness no longer she consulted a psychologist and asked: "Must a woman contrive to obey an outmoded convention that it is the man who seeks a mate, depriving women the choice and the right to find love? Or is it, in our modern day, socially acceptable for a woman to woo a husband?"

The psychologist, as wise as he was practical, replied: "Is it possible, in 1947, that you do not recognise that women already do the mate-seeking?"

"As a comedian so truly said (from the stage): 'A man chases a woman until she catches him.'"

'Almost all women want to marry. Consequently they always have set out to attract men, they create opportunities to meet men, invite pursuit and put themselves in a position to be wooed.

'The only convention society insists on is a polite hypocrisy, a pretence that the men pursue. So the woman's mate-hunting should not be obvious, for obviousness is immediately.

A girl's best chances of marrying lies between the ages of 20 and 24 years. When she has passed 26, however, she had better take stock, for the average age of women who marry is just under 26.

But her situation is far from hopeless, for so many girls marry between ages 25 and 29 that they comprise the second-largest marrying age group. Nevertheless their number not much more than half the 20-24 age group.

From 30 onwards, however, a girl's chances of marrying decline sharply. Of all women who do

marry, only about one in 12 marries is life as age 30 to 34.

Moreover, another discouraging factor enters—as the girl gets older the discrepancy in the ages of bride and groom lengthens.

Girls generally marry a man three and a half years older than themselves. At the peak marrying age, 20 to 24, the largest number of girls marry men aged 20 to 24. Nearly as many marry men aged 25 to 29. But when a girl passes 30 she is running a bad third to the girls of 25 and up and girls under 25, who are grabbing most of the men between 30 and 34.

For while most girls 30 to 34 marry men in the same age group, the men of her age prefer them somewhat younger. About one out of every 2.5 men who marry be-tween the ages of 30 and 34 chooses a girl from 20 to 24—and about one in five takes a bride from 30 to 34.

Consequently a girl in her late 20's or early 30's finds herself in the matrimonial doldrums. But she need not despair, statistics are on her side as that Australia is still a country with a slight excess of men over women. And the psychologist reminded Ngaio that a girl who is willing to face a practically can do much to beat the statistical average.

Her prospects of having a ring slipped on her finger are poor if she lives in a community where men are in the minority, if she works among a majority of women, and if she dwells in a place where men are seldom met with.

An illuminating case history is that of a pretty little Launceston

debutant who went to Sydney for a holiday with relatives. She was taken yodelling, ice-skating, to the theatre, to such glamorous places as the Hotel Australia and Prince's and was introduced to charming young fella.

She was so dazzled that she bade goodbye to her parents and her job and returned to the Big Smoke. But she found the big city was not what it had seemed. The fellows were busy now with their own concerns. The charming young men were rushing girls of their own set. She had to make her own life: she took an office job and shared a tiny flat with another girl. The young men she met were the social equivalent of the young men she knew back in Launceston. Instead of the billet and Prince's their standard was cinema and hamburger shops.

She stood this commonplace existence for a year, then went back home and married a young fellow who has his own little radio shop.

It's often easier said than done to cut your ties and start anew, but there is no doubt a change of scene may work wonders. Women slightly outnumber men in Victoria and South Australia, but a girl who goes west finds 109 men to every 100 women. The Northern Territory has the highest proportion of men (nearly 248) and the highest marriage rate. The A.C.T. has a healthy-looking preponderance of men but the lowest marriage rate. Clearly no serious-minded girl, object matrimony, would shift to Canberra, where among hordes of Government gels she will encounter the stiffest husband-hunting competition in the

**BRITAIN'S Prime Minister** is second only to the King in power, and has been for more than 20 years. Yet Prime Minister was not an official office until 1903, nor was the incumbent given a place in the order of precedence until then. The Prime Minister even now is honored in the order of precedence on State occasions not only by several members of the Royal Family but by a number of others, including two archbishops and some 25 foreign ambassadors.

#### Commonwealth

A girl who in her home territory is depressingly familiar to everyone as "that Anderson kid" often enough finds herself an exciting stranger in a new place. And in the same way a new job produces new prospects.

Where she can she will shy away from shop-student work, factory jobs in predominantly female industries, library jobs, charity offices and schoolteaching, for in those fields she will find most by women.

A job in an office is one of the predominantly male occupations gives her the entrance to an open field for husband hunting.

The secretary-stenographer routine is something she had better not count on and the value of the office depends on what men move in and out of it. But once a girl becomes an office machine instead of a woman, it's time to move on.

An important consideration is where to live. Though in a new

town she may at first have to live in a woman's board or a business girl's boardinghouse, it is a matter to arrange where a man seldom enters. She'll do better to share flat with another girl or to live alone.

The time-honored meeting places still work—church socials, political younger sets, night schools, sporting clubs, women's auxiliaries, ex-servicemen's clubs' reunions.

Dance groups, lectures and public meetings, announced in the newspapers, are other streams worth taking. And don't neglect to join a mixed tennis club, or a hobby club, or a surf club auxiliary.

Holiday resorts and courses are less women while than you think, for they are dominated by desperate man-hunters and wolves trying to lure a middle-aged stag.

Getting among men does not automatically bring results. It's the follow-up that counts, and the follow-up is conversation. Though a girl can't howl to a man and say, "Haven't I met you somewhere before?" she can without impropriety encourage an overture from a man—and contrary to a widespread opinion an air of aloofness doesn't provide a man. Playing hard-to-get loses more admirers than it hooks. Similarly, the use of pretending you have boy-friends aplenty is the most losing of techniques.

Once you are on nodding terms with a man conversation is the best shot in your locker. Dive in, into any topic he craves, the latest on U.N.O., even the weather. Remember he is probably shyier than you at first. But don't

embarrass him; a good listener catches more men than a witty conversationalist. And remember he is more interested in talking about his own week than yours, for a man rarely has any interest in a woman's business concerns.

A woman should, of course, flatter a man, but Australian women are as incapable of paying a compliment as they are of gracefully accepting one. Your honey should be spiked with truth so that he will have no difficulty in believing.

It is even permissible, in the case of a serious lagged, to phone and take him to dinner and a movie. "This one is on me—a return for your past sweetness." A wary girl will keep this strictly platonic, anything otherwise would cheapen you and leave your motives open to be misunderstood.

It may seem contradictory to insist now that a girl should never appear too eager to catch a husband. She must never openly rush a man. Subtlety is her watchword. She may make every effort to get

among men, to make friends, to lead them on. But if she so much as breathes that she has matrimony in mind the male will run a record mile.

The psychologist told Ngau that many authoresses today acknowledge there is much wisdom in women doing the man-hunting. Since marriage is still the principal center for women, women are psychologically better balanced when it comes to choosing a mate. The present high ratio of unstable marriages, that end in divorce, may be reduced when women throw off the antiquated inhibitions against man-hunting.

And Ngau? She said to Edmund: "I'm throwing a little party on Saturday night—will you come?" and thought nothing of turning the fabrication into fact by hastily calling up some friends. Before the evening was over she had his invitation for a date.

Her follow-through was good. Last week he slipped a ring on her finger.



# TSAKA.

the zulu hitler



TOM LEE, II

A bloodthirsty despot, he had a bigger army than many white nations.

IMAGINE a negro military genius as ferocious as a starving tiger-shark with the measles and you will have some idea of Tsaka, King of the Zulus—a black dictator whose bloodthirstiness has some curious similarities to the Hitler dictatorship.

Tsaka occupied more than 300 tribes, soaked almost every square yard of 20,000 square miles with blood, brought about cannibalism over this great stretch of country and murdered thousands of his most fervent supporters to gratify a whim.

The story of Tsaka deals with the time when Durban was a small trading post, but the Zulu chieftain was wise enough to confine his murderous activities to those of his own color. In those times—Tsaka was born in 1787 and assassinated in 1828—the Zulus held the British to be a race of sea creatures, because they came out of the distances of the sea in ships.

The tribe into which Tsaka was

born lived originally near the White Umfolosi River, in northern Zululand. There are doubts whether Tsaka was legitimate. Freudians will rub their hands over his child hood.

He was an unusual boy, epileptic, amiable and mischievous and was given a bad name by his companions. He was made to hold hot coals and boiling porridge in his hand to see if he could suffer pain. Ritual reference was also made to his crippled ears and to another physical peculiarity.

Tsaka nursed these malts in silence. When he became long he exterminated the clan among whom he had spent an unhappy youth. The more fortunate were burnt to death—the others impaled on tall, sharpened stakes.

Tsaka became too much for his mother's people and he shifted to another tribe where he was well cordially detested. The king of this tribe Dingwayo, however, took Tsaka under his protection, saying

that he was a wanderer like himself. Dingwayo was a remarkable man and from him Tsaka learnt something of military strategy. Dingwayo had won a party of Dutch troops and had obtained some conception of military organization from the strange white race.

Tsaka grew into a man of the modern muscular development and impervious to fatigue. He was soon called *Ngidi* or "a thousand," in reference to the victims of his spear.

Tsaka tested the shape of things to come in 1816 when he had Umfolosi, the legitimate heir of the Zulu chief, murdered. Ngweni, Tsaka's half-brother, put the Prince on the spot and carried out a clean, workmanlike job. Later Ngweni participated in Tsaka's murder, but was himself eventually the centre of a spot of Zulu unpleasantness and was killed home permanently.

By now any idea about the noble savage living a life of simple dignity, like Paul Robeson in "Sanders of the River," are clearly not worth cherishing.

Dingwayo was an industrialist and had created conditions which were capable of resulting in a great increase in the power of his associated tribes. He developed local industries such as the making of dishes, wooden pillows, bulles and staff spears. Inferentially he developed the basis of war industry, because artisans who could turn out these manufactures could also make spears and shields.

In 1818 Dingwayo was killed in a war—according to some authorities as a result of being betrayed by Tsaka, who seized the chieftainship. He first incorporated the Zulu

and Amatetswe tribes and then fell on the Ndwandwe and incorporated them. Just like Hitler.

Tsaka was now a great chief. He organized his augmented subjects into regiments and had a standing army of 30,000 warriors. This was a remarkable feat of organization for a native society in the early years of the 19th century, when many European countries would not be able to boast such a military development.

Just as remarkable was the ability of Tsaka to mobilize his subjects in the event of emergency. With no means of transport other than their powerful limbs, the native army could assemble some 30 miles away in three days. In the event of war all able-bodied men were called up and came literally at the double. Anyone late in assembling would be butchered on the spot. Cases of A.W.L. and boys "shooting through" were rare under Tsaka's generalship.

The regiments of this dark despot were decorated with skulls and feathers. Each corps was given a different name, such as "The Invincibles," and "The Slaughterers"—shades of the "Führer's Own" division.

The warriors of the Zulu were not allowed to marry as he feared this might soften them, but they were allowed the delights of cannibalism.

Before a campaign opened the Zulu warriors would literally worry a bull to death, and then proceed to eat it raw. Thus Tsaka anticipated the "blood" training in the war just concluded, when soldiers were sprinkled with blood in order to toughen them up. Medicine men

**KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE  
HIGHBALL**

They say that Isaac Maa is  
loose.

But I discern their abuse,  
For at the ball the other night  
She made it clear that she  
was tight.

—F.W.N.

prepared a bitter concoction that the Zulus consumed as part of the "hate" psychology.

Taka had an intelligence service consisting of men who spied out the country he was to invade. Taka appears to have been a true military genius in that he used simple tactics that have been the badge of all successful soldiers. He taught the Zulus the value of fighting in solid masses. The sheet stitching assegai was used for fighting at close quarters, but long throwing assegais were hurled at the enemy, while Taka's soldiers were protected by long shields. His attacks were delivered by massed regiments in a form designed to outflank and envelope the enemy. He held reserves ready to meet counterattacks or push home a victory.

There is not a square mile of Natal which is not soaked with the blood of Taka's victims. Among his hated victims any open cultivation was impossible, as it became the signal for a raid by starving

fugitives. Cannibalism developed and thus the Amadunge cannibals consumed most of a neighboring tribe, but their own thief, Boyya, and some of his associates were attacked and eaten by other cannibals—a classic case of the bitter battle.

Every soldier suspected of lack of courage was liable to be killed where he stood. Unsuccessful generals were often blinded, on the ground that their eyes were no use to them.

One day a whole regiment was executed as Taka's pretense, and on another occasion 400 women were stabbed to death by his order.

When his mother, the "Sic Elephant," died, 10 females of her entourage were killed and buried with her. Taka ordered all milk to be spilled on the ground for a year. Purgatory occurring during that period was to involve death for both husband and wife.

The frightful happenings of Taka's reign were due in part to a wicked mysticism, as Taka believed that fratricidal terrorism would perpetuate his kingship. We have seen the same thing happen in a country whose leaders proclaimed they were the apostles of culture and science.

Taka suffered too, from an insane and insatiable bloodlust. One day some old women were captured and he bored them in straw and glass matting, set them on fire and drove them towards his enemies. On another occasion all the old men of his tribe were murdered by his order as being unfit for warfare.

He had no wives, but hundreds of concubines. If a concubine bore

a child it was killed at once and the mother was lucky if she lived.

Yet this monster was delighted when the British gave him soap and a comb and was intrigued with European medicines, which he first tried on his concubines.

Taka, as befitting a great king, was deeply interested in the British monarchs and once asked an English visitor named Isaac whether George IV had as many girls as he had. Isaac replied that it was the British custom to have only one wife and that the monarch invariably set an example for his subjects. Nothing abashed, Taka replied that the absence of the British king accounted for his advanced years and that he, Taka, expected to reach a ripe old age for the same reason.

Taka had an appreciation of racial differences that would have delighted Hitler. A Portuguese visited the royal court and told Taka of British victories over their avails in the opening part of the 19th century. Taka later told Isaac that

there was as much difference between the Portuguese and British as there was between a "bush Kaffir" and a Zulu.

Later, however, Taka's attitude underwent a change when a malicious person told him that King George was only the name of a mountain, and nothing more.

Taka's great aim was to obtain a hair dye to darken his bleaching locks, but before he could obtain this vanity he was murdered. His brother and principal servant were among his executioners and they conformed to the local custom of drinking his gall. They cut Taka's body into a pit.

The Zulu nation was delighted and broke into general rejoicing. Thus a familiar historical pattern worked itself out: the power Taka had craved was largely destroyed when his brother sent forces against certain tribes, which adopted a scorched earth policy and, refusing to give battle en masse, adopted guerrilla tactics, picking off wounded and stragglers—blatantly blunted!



# Women on Wings



Call her a stewardess, but she won't agree it's not *THE* glamor job.

**MORE** girls want to get into the sky than there are jobs for them up there, despite a tendency to make them officially flight stewardesses, not air hostesses.

With Tasmair Empire Airways, for instance, it is a calculated policy of deglamorizing the job. A.N.A., on the other hand, still calls its stewardesses hostesses.

T.E.A.'s angle, like that of some airlines overseas, is that it is a hard-working job rather than a romantic one and that, after all, it is basically a steward's work rather than hostessing in an elegant, cocktail scene. The airline wants the girls to know they are undertaking a fatiguing job on the ocean flight between Australia and New Zealand, but this doesn't stop girls from rushing the job.

The company reasons that by self-peddling on the glamor it will get a more dependable type of girl—but not a glamor chick, willing to work and not disappointed when she finds it is work, and a

girl with a sense of responsibility.

Though it does not admit it, the company probably has in mind also the experience of American airlines. Transcontinental and Western Airlines, for instance, has found that the average hostess steps on the job, on internal routes, only a year after she has been trained. And on its international flights, in six months one third of its hostesses deserted the skyways for a cozy land base complete with husband.

When they sometimes average 10 proposals a week, it becomes obvious that any airline that weeds out the flight ones will reduce its rate of replacement due to marriage.

Yet for all the emphasis on stewarding as against glamor, the eager girls look pretty pictures in their navy uniforms. And the antitorture of the skyways, as struck girls think, are those blessed to adventure on ocean flights—the Tasmair service and A.N.A.'s Vancouver run. To their regret Qantas still uses male stewards on its flights

to Karachi, believing this stretch too strenuous for women.

Like the ruler, it's a wish to see the world that spurs these girls.

As she, trim, fair-haired Laura Magnus says: "No attempt was made by T.E.A. to glamorize the job to us. In fact they laid stress rather on its difficult and trying aspects, but as time goes on we realize how lucky we are."

Sydney looks like an exotic city to this New Zealand lass—"The big drapery stores, the fruit and flower shops"—and she takes home with her persimmons, oranges and mandarin, or stockings. She looks down from the air at this foreign country and marvels how brown it is compared with New Zealand's green.

Coolly efficient, petite and chic, Miss Magnus is a typical hostess in her crisp shirt, tailored black suit, dusty forage cap, Cuban shoes, black tie and gloves, or in her grey working dress. She makes only one return trip across the Tasman each week, but this is not as cozy as it looks. It means two 12-hour periods of continuous duty.

"At the New Zealand end we must be up at half past four in the morning and in Sydney—where we sleep overnight in an hotel—we are at half past three," Laura says.

"We must be at the flying line two hours before departure time and our first job is to check and put aboard all permissible foodstuffs for the flight."

The food is put aboard in thermos flasks and canteens, but in the newer planes the stewardess uses electric ovens. Before passengers arrive she checks such passenger-service equipment as baskets—"I

am really surprised at the number of children who travel," Laura says.

Air hostesses are rather petite. T.E.A. girls must be between 5ft 2in and 5ft 6in in height and "not more than 96"—small enough to move nimbly about a plane and not heavy enough to reduce the payload. They must also be between 21 and 27, of good education and some nursing qualification preferred.

Laura Magnus, for instance, is an Auckland girl who used to be an office worker before she found "just the job she wanted." She worked in the N.Z. Lands and Survey Department, trained at Wellington, Auckland and Christchurch hospitals. Like the other girls she was put through a training school.

In this unique institution of learning girls are given something that sounds like a cross between a charm school and a domestic science course. They are retold of the manners, confidence and tact that are necessary in handling passengers. They are taught something about dietetics—for there are many foods that are indigestible when eaten at certain altitudes. They have to study health and Customs regulations, flying regulations, principles of rescue, geography, history, and Morse Code. Lifelines carry emergency radio and if necessary a hostess could send rescue calls.

A hostess is expected to answer questions as readily as she serves the passengers with breakfast, morning tea, lunch and, sometimes, afternoon tea on the Tasman crossing.

A curious matron may ask her why the trip out or west is quicker

"SHE kills me!" says Lana Turner, referring to her three-year-old daughter, Cheryl Christine Cruise. "She walked on the other day and stepped on her toes head to foot, then said, 'Hello, Lana Turner! I think she's found out how I earn my living. Evidently she approves, because that's what she calls me now, except when we're being funny.' Then it's 'Good afternoon, Mrs. Cruise! With a British accent no less.'" Lana Turner calls her daughter "the worst little kid," a theatrical expression for a comely sister. "She picks up everything she hears and mimics everything she sees. Since I've been back from South America, Cheryl has picked up just enough Spanish to our regret and when I try to talk French to her. We're back busy but we have a lot of fun!"

—From *PHOTOPLAY*, the world's best motion picture magazine.

"We have a tailwind that is making us faster," the stewardess may explain, and then perhaps the matron will ask: "Why doesn't the company equip all its planes with tailwinds?"

But Lana finds that sort of question rude. Actually, she finds men ask about as many questions as women; she is impressed by the intelligence of women's questions, and she is astonished at women's technical and mechanical interest shown in their questions.

For instance, women ask her such questions as: "Why are planes loaded in kilograms?" "What is a great circle course?" "What is the wind velocity and what is our ground speed?" "How much petrol is consumed between Sydney and Auckland?" To these and other questions the hostess has all the answers.

One question that was slightly off the beam, however, was from the woman who asked Lana could she send a radio message back to her husband because she had a

feeling she had left a bathroom tap running.

Then there was the kindly soul who was so overcome with sympathy because Lana was faced with washing dishes, after serving meals to 30 passengers and six crew members, that she offered to lend her husband to assist. "He'll help you in the galley," she said. "Joke is an old hand at washing up."

Lana respectfully declined. Apart from the fact that it would not be fitting, she had once dealt with a mother who had asked to inspect the galley. It might have been the altitude, Lana says forgivingly, but he was certainly dizzy. All the tact and patience of an air hostess failed to solve the situation and she was thinking she would have to fall back on p-jobs when she was able to call in a crewman without fuss and ease the inebriated passenger out. She returned briskly to work, though the afternoon tea was a little late.

Stewardesses must have the friendly personality and conversa-

tional ability to talk on anything from baby food to Maori customs—almost anything, for they are expected not to discuss with argumentative passengers economics, politics, and religion. But if an attractive male passenger gets onto the topic of love they'll probably be even more reluctant to talk. They hear it too often.

Though the company cannot put a ban on love it tells the hostess after her training that it would like her to stay with the airline for some years before marrying.

Lana says: "Quite truthfully, we are all at present far too fascinated by our work to think of anything else. Instead of the job becoming monotonous, more and more I feel what a wonderful break I've got in having a job in the air."

It is significant, says Lana, that of 800 applicants only one girl thought to first ask what the pay would be. During training T.E.A. pays \$4 10s a week. During probation this rises to \$5 10s, and

thereafter is \$6, with 5s annual rise to a maximum of \$6 10s.

"The chance to fly overseas was just too good to miss," Lana says. She has met some of the Pan-American hostesses who fly to New Zealand, "and now I want to see the rest of the world."

They meet such interesting people (pauze Solomon, the Australian Rugby League team to N.Z.), and people are moving about internationally with such increasing ease that some of the girls have been stimulated to foreign languages. Lana had six misadventures in her charge on one recent crossing.

For all anybody's attempt to deglamorize the stewardess she will always remain, in the public's mind and in the eyes of the girl herself, an air hostess. She will still be trim and attractive, will still marry fast and make room for new loves. For the most romantic future to be seen by many modern girls is a job in the air.





# GLOVEMEN of the TENT SHOWS

JACK STEVENS



"Who'll take a glove?"—what goes on when tent-boxers challenge locals

I WAS running a "spel-board" at a country show when Jimmy came puffing along—that is, I was operating a card game which, to put it nicely, gave me a far better chance of winning than the locals who so trustfully joined the game.

It could have been better, with the cards shoved to "longs and shorts" so that the "mugs" drew the small cards and I the big ones, it could have been the old "thumble and pea" racket, but this time, it was poolroom, and I was doing nicely.

Therefore, I regarded Jimmy's coming as entirely

Stevie," he said, "the boss wants you. There's a guy down at the tent who wants to fight Lefty, and Lefty can't playin'. The guy looks good, and the boss wants you to go."

What he meant was that a local—"guy"—had shown up who looked like a fighter and the boy "on

the board," whom he had challenged, was having no part of it. I was to join the crowd as another spectator and create a diversion.

I nodded to Jimmy and closed up the spel-board. Outside the tent I took up a stand a few feet away from the "guy." I put him down as a woker, which made him a few pounds heavier than myself. I waited until the Boss started to speak.

"Who'll take a glove? I'll give 25 to anyone in the crowd who can stay four rounds with one of my boys."

The "guy" called: "I'll take the fella on the end—Lefty!"

That was my queue.

"I'll take Lefty, too. Who's this mug, anyway?" I pointed to the "guy." "Keep out of this. Lefty's for me!"

I tried to push my way through the crowd in an attempt to get at the local, but I was held back—I

saw to that. With a few feet parting on, I hurried inside until the Boss interposed.

"Now, boys! What's the use of fighting for nothing? You're both local boys, and possibly neither of you can fight. But if you come inside I'll pay thirty bob to the winner."

"All right with me," I said. "But what about this mug?"

That made it impossible for him to refuse, and his acceptance saved the Boss 70s. We went lead to the dressing room and hunched trunks. The "guy" stripped well—so well, in fact, that I began to think that Lefty had shown more sense than I'd credited him with. I heard the Boss say "You're in good condition."

And I nearly fell over when the "guy" replied "I'm fighting the no-rounder at the Bromham Stadium on Saturday."

I walked over "Look," I said, "if you're that good, why should we knock each other about? How about taking a city?"

He nodded. We made the fight look good for four rounds, and he got the decision. The Boss paid him and he was about to walk away when Lefty complained the effort. He'd seen me stay with the "guy" and, not knowing that it had been an act, insisted on getting into the ring with him. They carried Lefty out a few minutes later—and he'd cost the Boss a fiver.

Thirty years of being "on the board" as an "atho" (athlete) and mixing with the crowd as a "get" (come-on man) have brought me into contact with some very strange characters. I got into the business myself when, as a trainer with a

couple of horses, my industry coincided with that of a tent boxing show.

I had done some boxing myself, and having spent so much time in the various towns had come to be considered a local, that, I was a natural for a "get," and no one ever suspected that I was on the payroll. And believe it or not, I could "get" at maybe five shows a day, maybe twice a year, at the same town without the "mug" in the crowd realizing that I was a stooge.

For the most part, "athos" are boxers whose legitimate ring career is over, but who with no other means of earning their living turn to the seediest ring.

Listen to the speaker introduce his boxers, and you'll hear names that will strike a faint chord in your memory—a commander, maybe, of an up-and-coming boy you saw fight an eight-rounder a few years ago, and who suddenly dropped out of the game. Sometimes you'll hear the name of a top-liner, a man whose ring career should have put him on Easy Street for life.

For these men, there can only be sympathy. They have known the plaudits of the crowd, lived like kings for a crowded hour, and then dropped into anonymity. When you hear such a name you look at its owner and wonder if, like the man in Lawton's poem, the thought of what might have been, and wasn't, comes along and worries him. You recall the night when under arc lights in a blacked-out stadium you saw him smash his skull against an overseas scouter and win. And you see him, now, a shell of a man struggling

for a living, sometimes taking an active part in the show, but more often standing on the boxed tiring to capitalize on the one asset left to him—a name that was once great.

Few boxes are from test-beating to the heights of fatcuff. In the widest ring they have become heavy-footed and mottled of coloring their punches at the gloves of the "gee" have made their names stereotyped.

Yet the showground fighting tent has produced at least one truly outstanding boxer. From the widest ring he gravitated to preliminary bouts, in which he proved himself so outstanding that he was soon given main events. He won the NSW State championship in 1915 and went on to beat Jack France for the flyweight title, Vince Blackburn for the bantamweight title, and Ed Godfrey for the featherweight championship of the country.

His name, of course, was Jackie Green—a product of the widest ring whose experience in that phase of boxing led him to the heights.

I have seen two boys fight a preliminary at a stadium and never stop punching. Round after round, they have performed before a shaking crowd which, at the end of the bout, has showered the ring with coins in appreciation of a good fight. And if they leave the ring unbloodied, I know that I have been watching a couple of "sto's" whose boxing boots, if they were shaken, would spill sawdust. In four rounds they have thrown each other—on each other's gloves. They are of the side show brethren.

One of the queerest characters I have encountered in the game was a youth who, because it approximates his ring nickname, I will call "Horse." Having planned marriage, he carried his plans a little further to the stage when he would be presented with a male offspring—and his ambition was to let his son know that he had been a boxer. He decided that the surest way to prove that he had followed the craft was to possess a pair of "out-flowered ears."

He approached me at Warwick, Queensland, and asked to be taken into the show. When he explained his ambition I refused to take him along. When he persisted I decided that I would help him achieve his ambition as painlessly as possible. For a month I stood him in the ring and threw punches at his right ear. Then I called in a sawpaw who repeated the process on his left ear.

Two months later I had to take him to Brisbane to have a doctor lance the first set of thick ears ever displayed before a horse-stuck audience. The sequel to his strange wish was unfortunate. Having been hit on the ears so often, he was worthless as a money-getter at any other trade, and he continued in the game until he was a "penchy has-been"—who never was, anyway.

The strangest fight I ever saw took place in a widest ring at Toowoomba. The troupe had picked up a lad in Melbourne who was in line for the State bantamweight title. Installed on the board as Little Tiger Kelly, he was as black as the ace of spades and a good little fighter.

When the troupe came to Toowoomba, I was training a couple of horses in the town. The boss of the troupe asked me if I could supply him with a "gee" for Tiger. I could—in the shape of one of my apprentice jockeys whose name was Cameron.

Cameron was a better-than-ever age little fighter who later fought well in the professional ranks, and he was keen to co-operate.

He was a good "gee" but un-organized, with a beating of the Tiger, that he would stop being phoney the moment he hopped into the ring. Tiger disappeared and we found him in a nearby blacks' camp, where he was being regaled by the aborigines with stories of Cameron's prowess as a boxer—most of them, incidentally, perfectly true.

We dragged Tiger back to the tent, put gloves on his hands and stuck him in his corner. When Cameron was given the welcome due to a local idol, the little aborigine nearly shook the tent down with fight.

At the going, Tiger walked to the centre of the ring and into a left and right that sat him down, hard. The referee raised his hand to count—and Tiger dived through his legs and over the ropes, and went hell-for-leather past the crowd.

The fight was over. Time two seconds.

When we got to the blacks' camp we were told he had called, but that his stay was brief. He had "gone walkabout."

As far as I know, he is still walking—or running—yet.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

No. 26



Old salts might be right—there's queerer fish in the sea than eel.

IF there's one weakness the old shellback has always had it is super-sensitiveness, and still today that makes the sailor more touchy about one subject than any other—sea-serpents.

Any inquisitive landlubber, provided he is brave enough, can prove just how embarrassingly sensitive the modern seaman is, simply by asking a sailor when he last saw a sea-serpent.

Exactly why he should be so touchy is not clear, in view of so many convincing reports from sloppers, mates and seamen of encountering merman-like sea-serpents and their relations in mid-ocean. But from time immemorial he has been ridiculed and accused of romancing or of over-rushing the cabin bucket.

In ancient sea-loft annals and mermaids were classed as distant relations and lumped with the fairies. There they rested until an East Indianman, in 1827 sighted a phenomenon on Christmas Day somewhere in the vicinity of St.

Helena, and far off the beaten track of shipping.

The skipper and mates passed from heaving on the main brace and eyed the strange creature with curiosity blended with terror. The bowmen and fore'd hands tipped over the Christmas rum bucket and gained an awe. But the voluminous official report got no further than the log book on account of the imphibiousness of Yuletide festivities marring it.

The skipper described the stranger as a sea-anake, the mate was sure it was an enormous sea-hen and two of the sailors were equally positive it was a mermaid, whose long green weeds for hair gave her a snake-like appearance in the water.

Australian waters have provided some examples. Captain Charles, the officers and Chinese crew of the French steamer *St. Francois Xavier* observed a snake at sea on February 2, 1923, off Port Stephens.

Some years later three striking mackerel at Wollangong, fishing

from a small boat, observed a creature of the same nature. Immediately they pulled for the shore as it was too close to them for safety. The two watched it for a long interval before it disappeared to seaward and when interrogated separately, each gave the same version—in supposed length, girth and paracausal method of movement. The fishermen were total abstainers and bore a creditable record.

Previously on Nova Scotian waters Lady Augusta Fine created a storm in the sea-serpent controversy in the following personal episode:

"We drove out to Mure Bay, Nova Scotia, a large inland sea debouching into the Atlantic, and full of boat, coveys, and a huge fish called tuna, which is only caught with a chain net. We were in our boat sailing quietly when suddenly we heard a rushing noise coming towards us. At first we thought it was one of the big fish running off with a salmon net. Looking behind us we saw, to our amazement, a sea-serpent forging his way through the water within a few yards of us. Its flat head, raised as if to strike anything in the way, was about four feet above the water. Its body was 10-in. broad with a skin like a python and marked with dark brown patches. It was quite 150 ft. long and seemed to propel itself by the strength of its back, as it had no fins."

The example of the clipper *Caroline Castle* in 1882, on a voyage from London to Melbourne, illustrates a genuine effort to solve the sea-serpent mystery, and the land-lubber's disbelief.

In the ship's log, signed by Captain Austin Cooper (admittedly an experienced and reliable skipper), the officers and every man of the crew, was an entry describing in detail a large sea-serpent sighted by all hands at fairly close range.

The full text of this log entry was published in Australian and British newspapers. It was cited at both ends of the world by writers who did not know the difference between a ship and a barge. The skipper was worth in reply:

"I don't see any more sea-serpents. If 20 of them show up to starboard all hands will be ordered to look to port. No cheap penny-a-line journalist in London or anywhere else will say again that Austin Cooper is a liar and a fool."

Two instances in 1848 provided such informative evidence and corroborated each other so well that the existence of the sea-serpent then appeared to have been firmly established. But the official reports, which showed beyond doubt that the keenest investigation had been made, gained no better reception abroad than the East Indianman's snake-like mermaid.

Captain Peter McQuibban, of HMS *Dorsetshire*, on August 6, 1848, reported having seen the monster in question between the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena. It was also seen by Midshipman Sartorius, Lieut. Edgar Drummond, William Barrett, sailing master, and others in Admiralty records in the following official report concerning it:

"August 6. In lat. 24 44S, Long. 9 22 East. It was discovered to be an enormous serpent with head and shoulders kept about four

# HOLIDAY FEVER

For fifty weeks of toil he earns a break of two,  
After nigh a year of bondage he bids his desk "adieu."  
There's joy in his heart as with apt exultation,  
He gaily sets off on his annual vacation.  
On Monday he gifts a friend-laugh round  
On Tuesday he visits—her's muscle-bound  
On Wednesday with chirping he comes and settles  
And tells headlining in some unfriendly brawls  
Thursday he spends "sweet surf and shore,"  
On Friday he eats—his back is red and sore.  
It's Tuesday before he recovers his awe.  
Till then, perforce, all joys are suppressed  
And then his spouse with a smile that warms,  
Hurls invectives as the stars of the lovers  
And thus, instead of performing like Yorden,  
He spends tedious hours beating over the garden.  
Then two weeks are over, and with a smile that's a smirk  
He crawls off happily, so gladly to work.

—W.G.D.

feet constantly above the surface. As noisy as we could approximate by comparing it with the length of our main rigging pole, there was at least 60 ft. of the animal. No portion of it was, in our perception, used in propelling it through the water, either by horizontal or vertical undulations.

"It passed rapidly, but so close under our lee quarter that, had it been a man of my acquaintance, I should easily have recognized his features with the naked eye."

Professor Owen, a noted British scientist, repudiated the report of these experienced sailors and suggested they had seen a sensation of Anson's seal. McQuinn replied that the creative powers of the mind were not called into use.

On September 20, 1848, in Lat. 4:11 South and Long. 10:15 East (about 1200 miles from where it

was originally sighted) the monster with the dragon's head was sighted by the American brig *Daphne*. Captain Mack Tridway, in his official log, said that he had discharged the contents of a deck gun charged with spike nails and pieces of iron into the animal when it was only 40 yds. from the ship; it immediately reared its head, foamed and lashed the water violently, but, though the ship was put on the other tack to come up with it, despite its wounds it made off rapidly at 15 or 16 knots and disappeared.

That one navigator could know nothing of the report of the other was clearly proved. The description of the *Daphne* serpent, which tallied with that of the *Dandee*, was handed in mid-ocean to Captain James Henderson of the *Mary Ann* of Glasgow and carried by him

to that part of hard-bitten salts.

There are other convincing reports of the kind and an interesting one was that of Captain T. W. Arthur, a keen naturalist with half a century's sea experience, who reported the appearance of a strange monster of the deep near Melville Island, off the northern coast of Australia.

"In June, 1916," he reported, "a party of eight men, including myself, decided to sail over to Melville Island from our location near Cape Den in a surf boat 27 ft. long. Ned Baxter, oldtime skipper of a Gromby trawler, was sitting in the bow looking for Blighan stock Reef in Lat. 11:10 South and Long. 131:25 East and I was steering with the sweep out. Suddenly the fisherman asked, 'What's that just astern there?'"

"I turned abruptly, thinking it was a sock, when to my surprise, and not more than 30 ft. from me, appeared a huge head about six feet out of the water, and with five or six parts of its body in a straight line with a division be-

tween each, reaching in all at least 40 ft. As it came nearer I lifted the blade of my oar as high from the water as I could, and tried to hit it on the head, which, by this time, was only a foot above the water. I missed hitting it, but felt a hard, sudden jolt on my blade, which newly knocked me over the side.

"Grabbing the sheet of the sail saved me from that calamity. When I looked round again I could only see its wake to windward. I pulled on the oar and found four teeth, three on one side and one on the other, embedded deeply into it. These we extracted and kept as souvenirs."

All of which indicates there are still stranger fish in the sea than have been caught. Time might prove that, if Lindbergh will give the next seaman who sees a sea-serpent or a mermaid a decent hearing, they might discover that nothing need be a fallacy, a trick of the imagination or the eye, nor an hallucination created from a rum barrel.



# The FACE in the SAWDUST ring



The clown is not what he used to be, but he's still got to fall—hard.

THE clown of tradition, generation-old, is fading like Lewy Carroll's Cheshire cat, leaving his grin behind him.

For it is unhappily true that even the circus changes. No longer can a man take his son to the circus, to recapture his own boyhood, sure that the clowns will do exactly what they did when he was young. Clowns repeated their old familiar antics because they were expected of them.

In Australia clowning has become a hybrid, mixture of vaudeville stunts, radio gags and traditional make-up.

In America clowns are relying more and more on mechanical contrivances for laughter, such as a peep goose that contains 400 feet of wire and more than 300 colored points from which were painted exaggerated grins, now wear Disney masks.

Still we have the baggy pants, the wacko-gone grins, but the "whence?" have changed. Mick Lane, a Wirth's circus clown, says

that traditional clowning has been one of the casualties of war. Centennial clowns used to gambol in the sawdust ring, but when they disappeared with war, animal Australia was forced to develop its own clowns. The circus turned to vaudeville comedians. Two different techniques—and vaudevillians untrained in the art of sincere comic make fell back on vocal gagging.

Mick Lane, himself a product of vaudeville and pantomime, has introduced to the Great Ring stand-by from the stage—poker and situations that produce a instinct to fill an empty spot in a vaudeville bill.

One factor has, however, remained inviolate. No matter how their material and style have changed, audiences still demand that at least some of the clowns spend a considerable part of their time with their faces at the sawdust.

When in 1895 Joseph Grimaldi leaped from the interior of an egg in the "Mother Goose" pantomime

to peep plates or all and sundry and to fall flat on his face as the result of a mischievous shove from behind, he set a tradition. His big fat face painted as a semi-donkey, semi-pantomime grin, he evoked the sympathy as well as the laughter of his audience, and when he continued to exploit his scrupulous ability in performing prat-falls he set a rule that time, sophistication and even wars have not outmoded—simply that a clown must devote much of his art to flattening his face on the sawdust ring.

There are four main types of clown. The spangled circus clown, the Joys, the Augustos and the Charleys.

The circus clown is a rumbler, a contraband, plays the fool on horseback or on the tight-wire. He is the *senior* clown who sometimes enters the ring or he works as a fill-in clown, distracting the audience's attention while the ring is being cleared.

The Joy is an entirely different character. He is a dumb-show artist. The Joy was invented by Grimaldi, who was a clown of the harkquade, the pantomimic show that was argued up for later consumption as the children's pantomime. Grimaldi's make-up and costume have been copied for more than a century.

The Augusto is the prat-fall artist. He does not wear spangles, nor a Harlequin costume nor a Pierrot costume, but baggy trousers and a red nose. He is the descendant of the privileged jester who made quips at the expense of monarchs, and he is forever losing the august monarch of the circus, the ringmaster.

He is the august actor who is forever falling on the seat of his pants.

The newest clown is the Charley. The gerily-gay epitome of shabby gentility, he wears tattered pants, a barrowed bowler, a tooth-brush mustache and a coat. He was begotten by the goat mimed-comedian Charles Chaplin.

Joseph Grimaldi was "the Michelangelo of buffoonery." He has also been called the greatest man in comedy between Scaramoche and Chaplin.

Scaramoche was a character and a type born in the buffoon comedies performed by strolling players in the streets in the middle ages. The most famous of the Scaramoches, Tiberto Fossillo, is described as having been able to keep spectators at a loss of laughter for 15 minutes, without moving and without speaking, simply by pantomime, pretending to be terrified at an invisible character behind his chair.

The supreme clown of a later age, Joseph Grimaldi was born in London, son of an Italian actor.

He was an original and he invented comic whences. The more he was discomforted the more his audience laughed, a situation that still today is the essence of clowning. One of the poorest generations of clowns admits that the biggest laugh he ever got was when an elephant trod on his foot. Almost unaccustomed from pain, his agonized and authentic grimaces so rocked the audience that when his fellow clowns carried him from the ring they feared for him to return.

For 38 years Grimaldi signed

**H**ORACE GOLDIN, the late great English magician, used to do his most baffling trick for busker evenings at Music Circle meetings. Goldin would invite anyone to set the hands of his own watch and close the lid. Without opening the watch Goldin wrapped it in a handkerchief, and someone held it in front of him. Passing through a small paper cylinder, Goldin then told the name or which the hands were set. No magazine ever found how Goldin did the trick.

unquailed and when he retired he looked to his son to take his place. The son, whom he had faithfully schooled in all his tricks of clowning, balked awhile in the reflected popularity of his father's glory. But when audiences indicated that they expected something more than merely treading on the nose Grunwald, the younger Joey promptly drank himself into insanity.

The great Joseph appeared once more before his worshippers resolved, despite his 70 years, to respect the Grunwald name in public esteem. Pathetically refusing to make concessions to his age he attempted the gymnastic tricks that had been part of his fame, and that night he turned his face to the wall.

The memory of Joey Grunwald remained to challenge the clowns of new generations. No matter how hard another man clowned, no matter how earnestly he fell on his pretst and fattened his face against the sweat-soaked, his watchers

asked: "Is he as great as Grunwald?"

For long no clown was. Then the son of a Swiss watchmaker and innkeeper named Wallach saw a tiny circus and recognized that what he wanted to be was a clown. He trained himself to gymnastics and to play musical instruments and eventually people who looked at any clown asked the question "Is he as great as Grack?"

Grack, who reigned supreme as a musical clown, dealt like all clowns in simple humor, but dealt always with consummate satirist.

Grack played the piano, violin, flute, clarinet, concertina, and the musical bottles. He was a stage actor as well as a circus clown, his sketches being suitable to the theatre. Famous was the "Kubelik and Rubenstein" routine performed by Grack and his partner Antonet.

They entered in frock coats (Grack's grotesque, Antonet's embellished with medals and orders. Grack describes it in his autobiography).

Antonet: Introduce me please, Rubenstein, to these ladies and gentlemen.

Grack: Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to present Professor Kubelik, the greatest violinist that ever has been or ever will be. Professor Kubelik, as you see, has already had medals bestowed upon him from all quarters of the world—three French gold medals, eight silver medals and 10 certificates of merit.

Grack sits at the piano.

Antonet: What are you looking for, Rubenstein?

Grack: The tuning crank, mas-

tro. The keys went tuning up.

Antonet: Nonsense. Crank yourself! It's your hands you want to use, not a crank. Come, begin.

Grack attacks the keyboard dramatically. His hands thrash the keys like a dozen vipers! But not a sound comes forth—the silence is comic incongruity.

Grack, climbing off the stool. The house's sick. Your Excellency.

Business of tinkering with piano, while Antonet stands by, still with his superior air. Then Grack says "Why—what—this is a piano, not a *veritable*" and extracts a monstrous pair of crimson concertina. Upon which the audience rolls in the aisles.

The English comedian Joey Porter, a true clown but of the music hall stage, remarked to me that the great comedian or clown has some specialty over and above his comedy. "The moment you come on the audience laughs, because they expect to," he said, "but the comedian who produces something unexpected stands out." As

his extra Porter used to throw himself at a backdrop and slide to the floor, and hurl himself at the proscenium pillar, bouncing off it in a somersault, until he injured himself.

In the same way Pimp, the greatest clown after Grack, had a prodigious specialty. He used to do a spring somersault over the backs of nine men, picking up his top hat on the way.

For all the dialogue gags and for all the mechanical comic peeps that have crept into the sidewalk ring, there is still by popular demand a place in the circus for the man who can fall more heavily, snap ludicrously and offend more than the next man. That is a part of the grand tradition of clowning that the years and modernity cannot touch. He who gets slapped most continues to be slapped.

For that is the comic pathos essence of clowning. That and bumpy pants and painted grins. Without these, clowning may still be funny. But will it be circus?



A dramatic story of big business, and a man who paid back as he took.



## the £3,000,000 CATALOGUE

JULES ARCHER

SCHELDOM was bread cast more fruitfully upon the waters there in 1909, when Montgomery Ward, the American mail order house, mailed one of its fat catalogues 5,000 miles across the Pacific. It arrived in New Zealand after a three-week journey from San Francisco via the old Suez route.

The youth who had sent for it was a 24-year-old travelling salesman named Robert Laidlaw. By obliging him with the catalogue Montgomery Ward unwittingly inspired a £3,000,000 business—the largest of its kind in New Zealand today.

Exactly 50 years later the pendulum swung back. Robert Laidlaw fully repaid his moral debt to Montgomery Ward by giving them an idea which earned millions for the American firm—several millions at its best.

In the early days when he was a commercial traveller for a hardware firm, young Laidlaw acquired

an intimate understanding of life in the New Zealand bush. Studding fences and exchanging the time of day with small-time farmers, he listened sympathetically to their problems.

The cockies were bitter about their lot. Remote from the big cities, they were forced to purchase all their needs from small general stores in their districts. Prices were dear, selection was limited, quality was inferior. "Ye're not in the race when ye're out in the bush," they told him sullenly.

One night, relaxing in a Wellington hotel, Laidlaw thumbed idly through a battered copy of an American trade magazine called "Spym". In it he found an article about Montgomery Ward and the huge mail order business they were building. He wrote away for their free catalogue, which was described as "gargantuan".

He had almost forgotten about the catalogue when it finally ar-

rived. Fascinated by its bulk, young Laidlaw spent an entire evening musing through its thin leaves. By midnight his eyes, red-rimmed from the fine type, were tired but thoughtful.

Slowly he realised that in his hands he held the answer to the dilemma of his countrymen who lived on the land. Why couldn't he, Robert Laidlaw, do for the isolated cockies of New Zealand what Montgomery Ward was doing for the farmers of America?

That idea was the birth of the mail order business in New Zealand. With some £500 as his capital, young Laidlaw resigned from the hardware firm. His entire sole employers were assured. Sell farmers goods out of a catalogue, through the mail? Stone the crows!

With a brother and two young sons as his staff, Laidlaw rented a small, squat building in Port-street, Auckland. Across the face of it he pasted the new firm's name—Laidlaw Leeds.

There wasn't any Mr Leeds. But the young business project thought the name would fit nicely into the painting advertising slogan he had invented: "Laidlaw Leeds—and Others Follow." For years afterward the Laidlaw brothers enjoyed introducing each other to unsuspecting visitors as "my partner, Mr Leeds."

With an audacious firmness of purpose, Robert Laidlaw flatly refused to accept any customers who lived within 10 miles of the Auckland post office. To the unmarred delight of the cockies, he made it known that the mail order house of Laidlaw Leeds would cater exclusively to them.

Requests poured in for Laidlaw's free catalogue, an immense adaptation of the one he had received from Montgomery Ward. The first mail order of a roll of netting was followed by an avalanche of orders that fattened even the self-assured entrepreneur.

Robert Laidlaw had won his gamble. With one bold stroke he had cut the fetters that bound the cocky to the monopoly of the local store. Their enthusiastic response left little doubt as to how they felt about buying for cash through the mail, direct from the supplier, with no middlemen to jack up prices.

In less than four years Laidlaw was paying salaries to 200 busy employees. By 1915 the business had outgrown the tiny building on Port-street. So at the age of 28, young Laidlaw took another daring step. He built a large six-storey building on a vacant allotment some distance from Auckland's main shopping centre.

This newest challenge to the merchants and manufacturers, who were already incensed over the intrusion this young upstart had made on their rural business, provoked them into open opposition. Robert Laidlaw began to find it increasingly difficult to buy merchandise.

Faced with the threat of a runaway boycott, Robert Laidlaw acted swiftly. Hearing a boat for California, he placed large orders with American firms. Come what may, the cockies of New Zealand would always be able to depend upon Laidlaw Leeds for all their requirements—even if 100 per cent of these had to be stamped "Made in U.S.A."

### THAT TROUBLESOME GENERATION

A flickering light in the window is burning.  
A woman's thoughts to a loved one are burning.  
The clock turns slowly, and Time is lagging.  
Her fingers are trembling, her face is haggard  
And, thoughtless indeed is that generation  
That enters upon nocturnal recreation  
While a woman at home stays in sleepless waiting  
For one who stays out celebrating.)  
As late with the hour of three o'clock,  
A key is heard in the well-worn lock.  
Her vigil is over, her waiting is past,  
And the woman—but she's not the obvious parent of  
An errant daughter, because that would be old-  
fashioned—cries: "Mother, so you've come home  
at last!"

—W.G.D.

Laidlaw made two other notable acquisitions while in California. The first was a wife, Lillian. The second was another useful American idea—this time from the Chicago mail order firm, Marshall Fields. Laidlaw was impressed with their 24-hour service system, by which every mail order was carefully checked, followed through and sped on its way within 24 hours of receipt. He introduced this system immediately on returning to New Zealand.

When the first World War came along, both of Laidlaw's brothers were working with him. Each volunteered—one went into the infantry, the other into the air force. With deep reluctance Robert consented to remain behind to keep the firm going.

Then the tragic news came. First one brother, then the other

Shaking off all restraining hands, Robert Laidlaw grimly set about severing the obligations that kept him out of uniform. He entered into negotiations to sell out Laidlaw Leads to the Farmers Union Trading Company.

Ironically, several days after the deal had been consummated World War I came to an abrupt end. For once Robert Laidlaw's keen foresight had failed him. Now he found himself, not only without his firm, but also without the uniform for which he had sacrificed. Making the best of his bad luck, he accepted the post of general manager.

Shares in the new company, now called Farmers' Trading Company, Ltd., were offered to the former customers of both Laidlaw Leads and Farmers Union.

The small acre coaches responded

cagerly, snapping up 65 and £10 shares. Today 14,000 farm customers control 65 per cent to 75 per cent of the shares.

The board of directors consists entirely of farmers, who are elected by districts for three-year terms.

In his new capacity as general manager Robert Laidlaw once again looked across the Pacific for inspiration. He noticed that his old boss factor, Montgomery Ward, was busily engaged in establishing branch stores. The more he thought about it, the better he liked it.

Accordingly, soon Farmers began to establish branches throughout Auckland province. Buying out chains and independents alike, Laidlaw gradually acquired for Farmers' a retail empire of 71 branch stores.

During the slump of 1920, which followed closely in the wake of the war, American export firms found themselves saddled with shiploads of unwanted goods rotting in foreign harbors. Orders were being cancelled without warning as economic depression set in around the world.

Robert Laidlaw saw to it that Farmers' did not repudiate a single American order. This despite the telltale notices in the shipping cables: "The next shipments will cost you 20 per cent less."

Nevertheless Farmers', like every other business, was beginning to feel the pinch. At a meeting of the board of directors, Robert Laidlaw proposed a new plan. Without interfering with their mail order or branch business, why shouldn't they transform that huge, six-storey, block-long building into a retail department store?

A row of opposition greeted this 'foolhardy' proposal. How many Auckland shoppers would be expected to leave the main shopping centre on Queen-street to climb the long, steep stairs leading to the end-of-the-way hilltop on which Farmers' building stood? The idea was a short-cut to bankruptcy!

Laidlaw blindly agreed with his critics that shoppers would never consent to half and puff their way up to the summit of Hobson and Windham-streets. Therefore he proposed to carry them up with free transportation. And how, he was asked successfully, was that to come about? Did he expect the Auckland City Council, representing a Labor government, to change its transport system to accommodate Farmers'?

Yes, Robert Laidlaw replied, he did. And then he revealed his complete scheme—which by sheer audacity earned the day. The directors gave him *certe blawdy*, if he could persuade the City Council to fall in with his plan.

Laidlaw thereupon promptly surrounded all Auckland by putting the city government into the trolley bus business in 1925.

"Gentlemen," he told members of Auckland's Transport Board, "Farmers' is prepared to buy trolley buses for you. We will install and pay for the overhead wires. Then we'll pay you on a mileage basis to operate the buses for us under contract."

Amazed but delighted, the Transport Board agreed eagerly. As part of the arrangement, they also agreed to the laying of a loop of tram track connecting Farmers' with two different points on



MRS. CHARLES N. EDGE, of New York, bought a mountain in Pennsylvania to save birds of prey from egg-hunters and ambitious sportsmen. Aptly named Hawk Mountain, her territory covers 1401 acres. The only sanctuary in the world for birds of prey, it is the playground for thousands of eagles and hawks, as well as many other bird species, and a scene for bird watchers, artists, vacationers and sightseers. Tourists happy visitors are banned.

Queen-street Free trams would travel this loop, to supplement traffic on the trolley buses.

The same merchants of Queen-street who in 1913 had vainly tried to forestall Robert Laidlaw urged outraged howls of protest. But the City Council turned a deaf ear and approved his deal with the Transport Board.

And so for 21 years afterward eight free buses and four free trams carried the equivalent of Auckland's entire population eight times a year to Pinfers' doorstep. The novel plan proved equally profitable to the city government, which acquired a trolley bus system for nothing and was paid by Pinfers' for actually gaining experience in operating it.

As a far-reaching consequence of Robert Laidlaw's bright idea, the city fathers ultimately placed over-sea orders for 150 trolley buses to be operated municipally.

Farmers' today serves some 650,

000 New Zealanders, about half of whom are city folk from Auckland and Hamilton, and half from the country.

To handle this huge business, Laidlaw took another judicious step and put Farmers' into the manufacturing business. The company now operates its own clothing, shoe, furniture, drug and chemical, and tea-packing factories—five in all.

Despite the phenomenal growth of his firm, Robert Laidlaw has never forgotten his old friends, the cockies. To them he has firmly held out three small order guarantees, on which the farmers deem selves at judgment.

First, satisfaction guaranteed or their money back—and Farmers' pays the freight. Second, Farmers' guarantees to sell them anything at any competitor's lowest price. Third, Farmers' guarantees safe delivery of everything they buy.

Unlike Montgomery Ward's union-busting chairman of directors, Sewell Avery, Robert Laidlaw is an ardent champion of labor. Even before compulsory minimum became law in New Zealand in 1936, Laidlaw made Farmers' pay higher wages than award rates.

In the 57 years he has been in business, he has never had a strike.

He personally contributed £5,000 to a fund established for employees, as a memorial to his two brothers who died in the first World War.

It is no accident that fully 82 employees have stayed with Robert Laidlaw for 20 years or longer.

Robert Laidlaw's right-hand man, William Calder Mackay, was his 14-year-old office boy when the

firm of Laidlaw Lends first opened its doors in 1909. In 1938 Mackay made a buying trip to America, during which he paid a visit to Montgomery Ward.

While talking to Larry Wood, Montgomery Ward's catalogue merchandising chief, Mackay disclosed the success he and Robert Laidlaw had had with time-payment selling by and order. Wood became visibly interested and presented Mackay for full details.

The New Zealander obliged and Wood submitted a complete report of Farmers' experience in this field

to top executives of Montgomery Ward. As a direct result the American firm decided to inaugurate this feature in their own business, which they did with outstanding success and great profit.

So it was that a Montgomery Ward catalogue which crossed the Pacific in 1909 carried with it Robert Laidlaw's £3,000,000 plan which became the Farmers' Trading Company of New Zealand—and almost 30 years later richly repaid Montgomery Ward with one of Laidlaw's ideas, worth millions to the American firm!



# Personally Speaking

**BARRY THOMSON**, a citizen of New York, was held up and robbed of 69 dollars (£21) in Central Park. Thomson happens to be Dick Tracy, the wizard detective of American radio.

**ALFRED CLARK**, who at 75 recently resigned the chairmanship of the company controlling Columbia Parlophone, Marconiophone and His Master's Voice, invented the first successful sound-box (about 1899) and produced the first movie, a three-minute dramatization of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots.

**MRS LIBBY F. SACHAR**, recently appointed judge of the Union County Juvenile and Domestic Relations Court, is the first woman judge in U.S. history. She is also the smallest, being only 5 ft tall and 8 st.

**JASMINE BUGH**, in private life Mrs. Polky-Johnston, stood by to lend glamour to the emcees when she prepared to resume her old job as B.B.C. television announcer, interrupted when television was closed down in 1959.

**LORD STRABOLGI**, chairman of two of Britain's biggest steel companies, is in favor of socialisation of the steel industry. One of his companies supplied the Admiralty.

**CHARLES LUCKMAN**, president of the U.S. version of Lever Bros., the British soap "unipine," is often mistaken for Bing Crosby. When this happens he generously signs four autograph books. But he creates only when sales soar.

**CHARLES LAUGHTON** has acquired new prestige as a little reader, enthralling listeners by reading it with characteristic power and dramatic insight on American radio and on phonograph records. He regards it as "a great and inspired play, inherent with poetry, drama and intimate affinity with man."

**JOHN SLATER**, well-known radio actor, recently missed the opening night of a London television play in which he was to appear as a man who volunteers to make up Dusty's squad for the day. Reason for his non-appearance was injury in trying to free his wife from the wreckage of the air-liner in which they'd both crashed.

**BARBARA HUTTON**, herself, has found her dream-home in the native quarter of Tangier. She will continue her quest for peace of mind in the 20-room Spanish-Arabic house high above the blue waters of Tangier Bay.

At the Foot of the Range—John Wray photo





## P as s i n g   S e n t e n c e s

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A good executive is a man who is always in the groove without being in a rut.

Some speeches are like the horns of a steer—a point here, a point there, and a lot of bull in the middle.

A man is as big as the things that annoy him.

Definition of a gold digger: A girl who goes about with any man who can pass the asset test.

Opposition makes a great man greater and a weak man weaker.

An optimist is a man who thinks his wife has stopped smoking cigarettes when he finds cigar butts about the house.

The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but they make better time when sinners are after them.

The best way out of a difficulty is through it.

Life insurance is betting that you'll die before the insurance people think you will.

A university education never hurt anyone who was willing to learn something afterwards.

A man who wakes to find himself fatter has not been asleep long.

A statesman is a politician who is held upright by equal pressure from all sides.

A conservative is a man who does not think that anything should be done for the first time.

Nobody can act like a drunk without somebody getting wind of it.

An intelligent girl is one who knows how to refuse a kiss without being deprived of it.

Reelact on—Beauty and Orchids—Eleanor Parker, Warner Bros. star

# Saltwater Nursemaid

BILL BAVERSTOCK

Baby's pants were pinned with nails, and an old salt learned mothercraft.

THE supercargo threw down the crumpled Sydney newspaper he'd been reading.

"Look at that!" He pointed a gaunt and scornful finger at the half-column in the women's section that had aroused his ire.

"Mothercraft!" he sneered. "Fancy having to teach a seaman how to look after kids. There's nothing to it."

Papers two months old were still hot news in the islands in those days. We'd read all of them, from the front-page shipping advertisements right through to the back.

Without glancing at the Sydney daily paper flattening on the deck the mate turned to him. "I suppose you'd be an authority," he remarked casually. "Handling tinned milk and baby food in the trade room aft there would qualify you to listen baby doctors their trade."

We could see a lively argument coming and we looked forward to it to break the Sabbath calm that had settled on the schooner quietly moored in the anchorage.

"Now, I don't want no seacum," the supercargo put in, "but let me tell you this—" his pipe-stem jabbed its emphasis on the mate's trade single—"once I looked after a baby for two weeks, me

and a Rabaul mission boy who'd worked in the kitchen at Vunapope. And what's more, that baby done well—put on weight he did."

"Who'd let you look after a kid?" sneered the mate. "Do you want us to believe any mother'd be silly enough to let an old goat like you take charge of her nates cry?"

"Who said anything about nates?"—or mothers either for that matter? The poor woman was dead and the nursery was a lifeboat. That's where I done my mothercraft training—halfway between Suez Channel and the Wilson Diffs."

"Well, come on, spin us the yarn



The kid's foster-father was an old salt. His nursery was a lifeboat.

for Gonske, we're dying of curiosity," the mate cut in and the rest of us chorused our curiosity too, the Supercargo had us interested.

The Supercargo was an old hand, was in the way of the islands. Supercargoes have to know more than the current price of green ash, every axis and the number of tins of soap-powder that go to the cask. The trade room is more than just a floating country store, it houses the secrets—financial and family—of every plantation on the schooner's run. When a plantation wants more in goods than the value of the coconuts it ships—and it usually did in those days—the Supercargo and not the boss

in his Sydney office had to decide how much credit it could stand and still be on friendly terms with the company.

Armed with so much inside knowledge the Super regarded himself as an oracle and it was evident he was basking his neck to give us the yarn.

Well, it goes back a long time—back to the days when we didn't have engines, and when there was no wind at sea, why we just sat down and waited for it.

One trip we had a record slow passage. There were the usual howling squalls, a cruise and coming out of one of 'em we saw something about six miles off

Looked like a big dog or old canoe. All day we took to get near enough—it was a ship's boat.

You came across some pretty grim sights in the Islands occasionally, but that boat was the worst I've struck in 50 years. Those dead men—sailors from some Yankee schooner by the cut of their dungarees—and a woman who was alive, but only just alive.

She lay with her head on the stowhearts under a piece of canvas stretched across the gunhies and as we lifted her out we heard a faint cry. Stroke me pink if there wasn't a baby on the stowhearts beside her! How she'd kept it alive was a mystery, but it seemed in good nick and was reasonably clean.

There was a woman who'd be qualified to hold forth on mothercraft if she'd lived. But she didn't—died soon after we'd taken her and the kid on board.

When we tried to give her a drink she couldn't swallow the water because her mouth was as dry as a wooden god. That kept her from talking. She seemed to know the kid was going to be alright, but was it?

We searched the boat for some evidence of who the people were but there was nothing. Not a paper in any of their pockets and no name even on the boat.

We buried the woman, too, but that boat simply haunted us for a couple of days until the breeze settled down. It gave me the creeps to watch it, but I didn't have much time for wondering because I had the baby on my hands.

There was milk in the schooner—plenty of it—the crude, sweetened, condensed milk they used to

put up in the old days, but how to get it into the baby was a problem. The young fellow couldn't drink out of a cup, he was too little, but I got a beerweave.

In the trunk room we had a case of the usual trade paper—you know, the clay kind with the picture of a ship on the bowl. I snipped the stem off one and put it through a hole I bored in the cork of a squirefaced bottle. Then I mixed up a pint of milk and water and lashed a wad of cotton over the end of the pipe stem. That baby took to it like a croon to lull, my home-made feeding bottle saved its life.

Well, I got out the ship's wash-tub and bathed the baby and it was then I struck another snag. What to do for clothes. A cotton trade singlet was the best garment I could dig out and a couple of my best towels served as napkins.

I spent a morning with the needle and thread and nipped out quite a presentable layette, but as there wasn't a safety pin in the ship the youngster's three-cornered pants were fastened with boat nails.

Copper fastened and full of milk, the baby did well—thrived, I might modestly claim.

But I was in a fever to get him back to civilization and I wasn't game to continue the voyage; the shell could wait.

The mission vessel took charge of the foundling and I repeated the finding of the boat and wrote a long dispatch about it for the Government people.

Now you can put this story in with the Mary Celeste rum—it's a complete mystery. Nobody ever came forward and claimed the kid

—in fact nobody seemed to know even who he was or what ship the boat had come from.

The facts were published in America and England and other countries, too, but it's just another of those things only the sea knows about. Shipwreck, fire, mutiny, attack by natives—any of those theories will fit it of course, and there were some queer goings-on in the Pacific in those days.

'What happened to the kid?' and the mate, who had listened to the yarn without making one

secretary gibe at his old shipmate.

Oh, some of us put in a few quid and sent him to school in Sydney when he was old enough. Fine little lad he turned out.

'Still there?' the mate's curiosity was not yet satisfied.

'No, he isn't,' and the Super slowly. 'I went down to Sydney in 'fourteen, and there he was in khaki. Killed at Lone Pine. Helped to bury him myself. Yes, I was on Gallipoli—and that's something else you didn't know about me.' He shot at the mate.

#### THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



WHEN FRED PURLEY, HAVING LOST THE KEY OF HIS SHEDGE, DECIDED HE'D HAVE TO BREAK THE WINDOW TO GET IN, HE RECEIVED SOBB BURNING FROM A TREE LAMN MOWING TO A MENDS' PUTTING OUT OF RUBBISH BARRIS, FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF BREAKING IT



## the ACCIDENT

HENRI LAVEDAN

Miss de Mornecy could be a mother only one happy day of each month.

MADAME de Mornecy, her hat on her head and her gloves in her hand, came gaily into the vestibule.

"Annette? I am going to see George this morning."

"I know," said the old nurse, "today is the fifth."

The door of the anteroom hung and Madame de Mornecy went

From "Mam'zelle Fata," translated from the French by Frank S. Gregory

quickly out.

On the footpath of the Rue de Berry she made her way towards the Clémence-Blysses, which followed at her lively pace. It was a trailing April morning; the fresh grass looked very green, very young; there was a wilful, playful breeze that gave a sensation of gooseflesh all over the body. Gallant young fellows hastened towards the parks, their nostrils



Suddenly the piercing voice of a little boy shouted: "O! Mama!"

breathing plumes of white smoke. High above the avenue the arch of L'Esplanade stood like a great bridge veiled in mist.

The young woman kept on her way, affecting that air of seriousness, humorously haughty which is shared by all Parisians when they are set on something, an air of bravado and defiance which seems so apt to all the passers-by. "Make way! I have something to do, and don't you try to stop me!"

In the same determined manner she passed along the Place de la Concorde, passed the bridge, and entered the Faubourg Saint-Germain where slowly, like carts, the first trams were rolling in this

Paris of other days, old customs

Apparently she had an appointment, everything pointed to it, her hurried walk, the early hour, and the important happiness which, for several moments, glowed in her face. She went directly towards the appointed corner. Suddenly, opposite an old hotel of serious appearance, she let out a light cry. At the same moment a boy of ten who was walking beside an old nurse in uniform, ran towards her and threw himself into her arms crying, "Mama!"

The old nurse gave a slow and respectful nod of the head and went back into the hotel.

Madame de Mornecy, judiciously separated from the Count de Mornecy—to whom had been granted custody of George, their only son—came on the fifth of each month to spend nine hours in the company of her son. She passed the day with him and returned him to his home after dinner. As in the morning, so also in the evening the servant waited in front of the hotel to take her young charge and the toys and other things which his mother bought for him every time. The Count himself never appeared, either to bring the boy out to take him back. Things had lasted like this for 18 months.

Madame de Mornecy called a cab, for she had no time to lose, and it was necessary to her to have that precious day, of which every minute counted, as rapidly, as feebly as others spent their lives, to catch in these few hours everything she wished to have: the care, the caresses, the thousand and one recommendations for his health, the kisses, the confidences, the great

at possible distractions, two good meals with the sweetmeats he liked best, and then to let the child tell in his turn.

Madame de Mornay, during dinner, gazed indolently at her son, absorbed in attending to him, eager to satisfy his vagrant wish. And putting her arm around him she asked for the 20th time:

Are you well? Do you love me very much? Are you hungry?

The little boy, his cheeks glowing, a little bored by the incessant tenderness was at pains to suffer this torrent of maternal questions patiently.

As they rose from the table she said, "It is not late, tell me what you would like to do."

The boy, his mouth still full, said, "Go onto the boulevard to see the shops."

"Done!" she said, and they went out at once.

The day was late, and the benevolent sun warmed the streets where strolling people already wore the clothing of the springtime.

Madame de Mornay soon gained the boulevard. George hustled away from her sharply to run and look in a shop, then on to admire in the kiosks the illustrated papers hung on wires with wooden pegs, like clothes on a line to dry. He did not want to go back to his mother. This behavior he repeated without a break.

Little by little, the young woman, while following the boy with her eyes, became absorbed in a reverie, and as a string of clocks came out of a doorway she was suddenly reminded of the day of her marriage. She seemed to see

again the narrow society of Saint-Clothilde, where the highest nobles of France had filed past, her husband, proud and pale, and the carriages which had crowded the place. Then her honeymoon, the birth of George who had given her 15 hours of torture. They had thought she would die and that the boy would be still-born. Finally there was her unforgettable slip, her husband's anger, their separation.

Today she could possess her son only once a month, the fifth. Not the sixth, nor the seventh, the fifth.

"What a favor!" She thought the boy with her eyes among the passers-by when suddenly behind her, in the mass of the street, the piercing voice of a little boy shouted: "O Mama!"

She turned around, cold in the stomach, and saw nothing. Then people were running in the direction of the cry, a crowd gathered, a pastry-cook clambered on a bench. And she saw three men who curved slowly a child of about a dozen years, of the same figure as George and dressed exactly like him. He had a red head, red hands, red boots, and a policeman was walking beside the little group. The policeman held a little cap like George's.

Then she understood that her little boy had been injured, and she followed the crowd, all thought dead in her, her eyes dry, her tongue dead, repeating in a calm voice:

"I am his mother. I am his mother only on the fifth—that is today—my day."

They thought the ostentation had turned her head.

A carriage driven at a fast trot

had passed over his back and neck.

Ever since the doltish policeman brought the boy back to the hotel Madame de Mornay, waiting on the footpath, had been the victim of indescribable agony. Her husband had entrusted to her this morning a happy child, full of life, she had brought back a pain-wrecked little body, almost dead. What would be my to her? What would he do? Kill her? She could not blame him if he did, and she trembled as though she actually feared approaching death. No, she would not have been surprised to see M. de Mornay come out with a knife in his hand, or brandishing a revolver, and she would have thrown herself down before him to avert the blow.

The door opened and she said to herself: "Here it comes!" But no, only servants came out cleverly balancing empty baskets, and in spite of the desire she had for news, she did not take one step towards them.

A mysterious force compelled her to stay outside the house where her child would die, while she accused herself of being the assassin.

She remained there into the night, not taking her eyes from the lighted windows where the shadows moved. Time passed. The street lights had long since been lit, she did not move, her head, heavy as a ball of lead, could not free itself of a single terrible thought: "George is dying in there, just as there he is dying."

The cold of night made itself felt. Looking about for shelter she saw not far away a tea table. She asked a cab man if for a hundred sous she might be allowed to

sit in his vehicle. Believing she was waiting for her lover, he guessed, accepted the money and agreed. She stayed there for three hours. At a quarter of an hour before midnight a gnat arrived, rang the bell, and disappeared into the house. The boy was dying, no doubt, otherwise why call in a gnat? She wished to know at any price, being able to stand no longer the suffering of uncertainty. She would go in to the husband, even if he were to throw her out. Among herself with courage she tremblingly pulled the bell and waited while it echoed through the house with a sinister noise. Then she went into the reception's office where she was recognized at once, sitting down, showing under the light the face of an old and somewhat savaged woman, she commanded the porter—"Go up and see—how he is. Come back and tell me I will wait here."

A minute later the porter came back silently.

"Well?" she demanded. In reply the porter raised his arms and let them fall again to his side. Then clasping his hands he murmured, "Five minutes ago without pain."

Immediately he added, "Monseigneur says you may go and try by the body."

Then, forgetful of her blame-worthiness, she shook with choking sob, moaning through her teeth, "Now that he is dead—I may go and stay with him!"

She went outside, muttering, "No, what's the use?" And she went away into the shadows on foot, the rain began to fall, fast and cold.



## LARCENY FOR TWO

JOAN WINTON

She was in trouble, he loved her, and someone had to take the rap.

HE found out all about her within two days of arriving on the island. Not quite all, but as much as anyone knew of her.

Mr Valentine Burgoyne was a master at finding out. It was part of his trade, gaining the "good guts" on everyone worthy of his attention. And Mrs Litherly seemed well worthy.

She was tall and slim and in finely poised, with long lay eyes and a little smile that was mysterious and fascinating. And she dressed with expensive taste.

Mr Burgoyne was impressed. Not only professionally, but for reasons personal. She was, he learned, not a tourist but a writer. Though rumor had it she had done

little or no work on her novel. This pleased Mr Burgoyne more than somewhat. He sensed the misplaced distaste. For true writers' back balances rarely amounted to more than three figures. Small game.

Before hearing about her he had launched himself on the island as a newspaperman on furlough to write a book about his experiences as a war correspondent. It might have disconcerted another man to find another writer already in the field. But this did not bother Val.

With early influx of tourists Mrs Litherly found some affluent gentlemen to pay her homage. The attention they lavished on her bore testimony to their expensive tastes and hers. The fastidious lady was

rarely seen in the company of those outside the higher income group, and never, never alone with them.

So that when she developed an almost undirected attachment to Mr Valentine Burgoyne the island locals were shocked and disillusioned.

They met, these two engaging people, under prosaic circumstances. The lady was in the store inquiring about dog biscuits, the gentleman at the post office counter being cross about a telegram.

The lady found a pebble in her shoe at the door. Pinned on one foot, she swooped a little as Mr Burgoyne drew level and bumped him over so slightly.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she muttered. Her contrition was infinitely appealing.

"You are Mrs Litherly, I believe?"

"Why, yes." She looked innocently surprised. "However did you know?"

"I'm a newspaperman," he boasted, with such naivete she was quite touched. Naivete was not a characteristic of any of the newspapermen she knew.

"My name's Burgoyne," he went on. "Valentine Burgoyne. Of the 'Daily Record.' I've been commissioned to write a book about the various shows I was in."

"How interesting," she said.

"I believe you're writing a book too," he said.

In the distance, Mrs Litherly's lay eye focused on portly Mr Snodgrass. So nice to have him as her little circle of friends. A pity his wife had taken such a strong dislike to her. But now that gran lady had returned to the city to

see her ailing sister, so charitable.

"So nice to have made your acquaintance. I do hope you'll let me see your manuscript soon."

"I'll bring it to your shack."

"And do you know where that is?" she inquired. "However did you find out so soon? Hardly a soul knows, it's so tucked-away."

"I'm a newspaperman," he repeated. "And anyway, I went you go in the gate yesterday."

"I beg your pardon?" she said.

"I said I went you—saw you—go home."

Her mouth trembled on the edge of a smile. "Ah, covey."

To his delight she was home when he called next day. Between the pages of a Charles Garvice novel he carried three pencilled sheets.

She seemed to have shed some of the gentle staidness that had rather wed him at first meeting. She was gay, informal, and after a few shares, almost playful. Within half an hour they were using first names.

"Now please, Valentine," Petronella commanded. "Show me your manuscript sheet."

The pages, apparently selected at random, dealt with Britain's post-war policy, U.N.O., and America's "dollar imperialism." As each page began in the middle of each subject and ended nowhere, the result was bewildering.

"You write magnificently, Val."

He gazed at Petronella with desire. He embraced her with startling suddenness and was himself startled by her more than enthusiastic response.

And so began a tender summer idyll marked only by the presence of Mr Snodgrass. This



gentleman, being temporarily unattached, was making what seemed to Valentine unreasonably demands on Petronella's time and sympathy. Valentine began to exhibit a most unbecomingly jealous.

"But darling," Petronella pleaded, "he's old enough to be my father. In fact, he looks on me as a daughter. The poor old dear has no daughter of his own, and he loves young people. Besides," she added, looking thoughtfully at Valentine, "he's very industrial socially. He may be useful to us one day."

Although this compromise struck an answering chord in Valentine, he was puzzled. Petronella seemed a shade too eager to retain Mr. Snodgrass' friendship, and there were times when she returned from an unexplained absence flushed with something oddly like triumph. Valentine was

suspicious and distrustful, yet still entranced in the outgoing quality of her personality.

Then a blacker cloud appeared on Valentine's horizon.

The gentleman in the gray who was agent for his current income—a tax-free source—was suddenly carried off for a rest as the guest of His Majesty. At a time when solvency had never seemed more desirable, Valentine was faced with the alternative of confessing his bankruptcy or asking less of her affection by turning his professional attentions to the female tourists. He lost some of his debonair charm and took on a hard-bitten, predatory look.

Then Petronella became involved in trouble of her own. Mrs. Snodgrass returned and soon it was current news that the green lady was out for a scalp, and Mr. Snodgrass must choose whether that

scalp be Petronella's or his own. No one was clear as to the exact nature of Mrs. Snodgrass' charges but there were quite rumors about police action. Petronella's charm began to harden.

One day he saw her at the window looking up to the light a magnificent apparatus ring. It looked vaguely familiar. Swiftly he took up the bold blue challenge and swung him.

Watching through the window, he tipped lightly on the door, and he was hurt to see his love conceal the ring in haste but he embraced her with ardor. After a meal he looked sadly at Petronella.

"Darling, I've had news for us I've been called back to the office." He held her up high. "I'll have to get tonight's boat."

She looked at him steadily, then: "Oh, darling." Tears trembled on her lashes. Mr. Burgoyne

felt he had never loved her more.

Two detectives arrived at the boat. Petronella was there to see him off. Mr. Snodgrass was there to meet the detectives. When it was known Mr. Burgoyne was Petronella's true-love and that he was about to take off, he was held for questioning, and in due course there was found upon his person the ring that had imperiled a marriage, ruined a beautiful extramarital friendship and finally wrecked a pretty summer idyll.

Petronella's great eyes filled with tears, and she was too overcome to answer questions. At that Mr. Snodgrass, much relieved, seized the opportunity of laying elsewhere the embarrassing charge his wife had wanted on.

So everyone was happy except poor Valentine Burgoyne, but then he deserved all he got, which was 12 months' hard.



# PICTURE

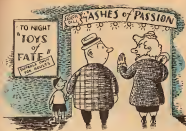
# Night



WHEN taking the family out for a night of enjoyment at the local picture theatre, you should always allow yourself lots of time because you may not care for the title of the supporting features, and



after travelling all the way to the theatre in the next suburb you find that



the wife saw the main feature last week at a matinee in the city and the rest of the programme is marked "SUITABLE FOR ADULTS ONLY" . .



as it is too late to wait for the next bus, you hurry, via several short cuts that junior suggests, back to your local theatre that has by this time



completely sold out of tickets, and



the entire family will hold you responsible for the whole affair.

## MEDICINE ON THE MARCH



SUFFERERS from most chronic diseases are now reassured that they will enjoy as long a life as the average normally healthy person. The exceptions are chronic sufferers from cancer, TB and heart and kidney ailments, which take heavy toll.

But, studying 1800 families over a 20-year period, the U.S. Public Health Service reports that the death rate of those suffering chronically from such diseases as scarlet, rheumatism, upper-respiratory disabilities and other diseases was no greater than that of perfectly healthy people.

BABYING children is increasingly safer, every year since 1930. The U.S. Census Bureau's latest statistical year (1944) reveals a new low record for mothers' deaths in childbirth—a decline of 31.5 per cent. from the previous year.

RELIEF for winter ailments has been provided by Dr. Frank W. Morse, of Nova Scotia, in spraying penicillin into patients' lungs. In 24 out of 26 cases the treatment successfully combatted coughs,

colds, influenza and pneumonia.

Advantages of the treatment are its small cost, soothing inflamed membranes of the throat and relief of the cough, pleasant taste, and the drug's efficiency in fighting disease germs in lungs and throat.

Dr. Morse overcame penicillin's chief handicap in general practice—the need for hospitalization when giving it by injection—by spraying the drug into lungs with the familiar hand stethosc.

MESANTOIN, a new medicine to help epileptics (by controlling convulsions), has been developed by the New York Neurological Institute.

A PERMANENT cure for peptic ulcers may be a new hormone developed recently by Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, the outcome of 16 years' research by his group of physiologists.

The hormone was isolated from the mucus lining of bags. It is a colorless substance called enterogastrene and patients tested report relief from ulcer symptoms after daily injections for a week.

# white man's MAGIC

READ TAYLOR



A girl was dying, by black magic—but a doctor had stronger medicine.

HARRY was a very worried aborigine, and all because of Nellie. Nellie was sick—as sick as any hibern who had been "pointed" could be. She lay in her "wanky," and not even the many piccaninnies who troubled about, fighting and screaming, could stir her from her slaphy.

The Boss, knowing that in spite of Harry's apparent lack of sentiment he was extremely fond of his gin, failed to make her eat. And Harry (unhappily sitting on a nest, by allpaul, refused to be comforted by the Boss's assurance that no so-and-so, bone-pointing, untold black could cause his Nellie harm.

Harry, of course, should have known better. He had lived among whites since that day when Sir Sidney Kidman, riding over a section of his vast properties in the Northwest, had found him, a dejected and frightened piccanniny of 12, wandering in the bush. He had tried to run away, but a boundary rider had caught him and carried him back to the homestead

where, a pampered pet of the man and an especial favorite of Sir Sidney, whom he blithely called "Sid," he was given a better-than-average education for an aborigine boy.

Naturally intelligent, he proved a quick learner, but he remained always an aborigine. At 16 he could ride a buckjumper with the best of them, and as a blacktracker his services were often sought by the police. Once he'd tracked a miner for 30 miles over the roughest country and had saved the man from a throat-punch, crazed death.

When he was 20 he joined a buckjump show. He became Wild Harry—a title which, as far as the adjective was concerned, was incorrect, but which, in his aptitude for taking on the tidiest of buckjumpers, was perfectly true. He was billed as the greatest aborigine buckjump rider in Australia, which he most certainly was.

His idol, Sir Sidney Kidman, neither drank nor smoked and counselled Harry never to adopt the habits—and Harry never did. From

the moment he began to earn money he dispensed a most un-aboriginal virtue in refusing the value of a bank account. It was a trait that was to remain with him all his life.

Later, when he married and became father to Rose and Freddie, his winnings from buckjumping contests immediately found their way to the bank—for they were dedicated to the future of his piccanninies; and when Rose married and made him a grandfather, every penny he earned was earmarked for his wife, children and grandson.

His attitude towards money was inherited by his own children who, equipped with a tin pennikin, moved among the crowds at shows and by dint of tooth-fashing smiles wonned glady-given pennies from the spectators.

Racely troubled by the inhibitions imposed on him by the accident of being born black, he proved that he held no social prejudices when, at Narramatta, N.S.W., he celebrated the winning of a bullock riding contest by jumping the fence and shaking hands with the guest of honor.

It mattered not at all to Harry that the man whom he had so honored was the Governor of N.S.W.

His calling took him from coast to coast, and at Clonoury, in Queensland, he married Nellie—married her as white men marry, and it was his proud boast that the piccanninies which came to bless this union also moved the benign attention of the press and were therefore legitimate beyond reproach.

And now Nellie—yielding to that strange power of suggestion

that can take the aborigine from this earth for no apparent reason—was getting ready to join her ancestors.

Harry, bewildered and scared, sat silently outside the hut, looking up only when someone spoke to him, or to reach out and lay a reproachful hand on the black bottom of a noisy piccanniny.

No one knew exactly why Nellie had been "pointed." She was a good lubra who went contentedly about her job of looking after Harry and her piccanninies with aboriginal phlegm. No other black sought her. Harry himself said that the culprit was an inland black who had avenged himself against Harry, a coastal black, by pointing the bone at his lubra. However, whatever the cause, Nellie lay near death.

Harry stared at the Boss approached.

"How's Nellie?" asked the latter.

"No good, Boss. She die."

The Boss considered the problem deeply. Then he said:

"You tryen white doctor, Harry. He fo."

Harry shook his head dolefully. "White doctor not come."

"We take her by car, Harry."

Harry brightened. The car was an old Ford, a clatter-trap of a machine that had been around the place for years. But the prospect of riding in it proved exciting not only to Harry, but even to Nellie. They bundled her into the back seat, and shortly after they arrived at the hospital.

The Boss carried her into the hospital, and Harry trailed them like a giant black shadow. When they stopped him at the door, he took up a place on the steps to

own developments, poker-faced.

Inside, the Boss spoke to the doctor. No, there was nothing wrong with Nellie—nothing, that is, by the standards of white people. He explained the circumstances quickly, and the doctor—a man with many years' experience of abnormal ways—nodded. Then, together, they went to the kitchen.

The matron joined them. The conversation was brief, and five minutes later the kitchen, clad in a white apron and looking completely ludicrous in it, was unwisely slipping cancer oil. Treatment had begun.

On the steps, Harry maintained his vigil. The Boss told him to go away and sleep, but he stayed. He was still there next morning when the doctor came. His faith in the Boss was great, but there was little hope in his eyes as he watched the doctor pass him.

In the hospital ward, Nellie lay relaxed under an anesthetic—an anesthetic induced not by ordinary means, but by her own faith in the powers of the white doctor. It was, in fact, induced by suggestion—far beneath her bandaged stomach rested a lump of ice, the rest had been left to her own imagination and faith in the white doctor.

It was only a few minutes before she was sitting up, bright and appreciative, in bed, but in those few minutes, Harry had waited outside as still and as silent as though he himself had been anesthetized.

When the Boss tapped him on the shoulder and beckoned him into the hospital he rose wordlessly. The doctor met them at the door of the ward.

"You waiten Nellie?" he said. "I waiten."

"Nellie waiten, too. She good, and not die."

Harry's eyes opened wide, and his step quickened. At sight of Nellie he stopped and giggled nervously until the doctor beckoned him forward.

Their meeting was less sentimental than that of a white couple meeting after one has emerged from the shadow of death. Nellie giggled and pointed to her locker.

There on a large plate was a bone—the bone, she said, the white doctor had taken out of her. It was big, about as big as the shin bone of a steer, and there was that in Nellie's voice which suggested that she had, after all, been honored in being given temporary possession of such a fine trophy.

It was wonderful, they chattered, that the bone had grown so big—because, Harry asserted, it had been only as big as a man's finger when the blackfellow had pointed it at her. In their eyes, as they talked, was a light that proved that the white man's magical powers had been vindicated.

That night, when they left the hospital, Nellie was carrying the bone, wrapped up in newspaper. And Harry was stealing his appreciation of the white man's magic that was so much stronger than the magic of a poor old inland black.

This is the story Lance Skuthorpe, dozen of Australian horse-breakers and buckjump riders, told me. And Lance should know. For he was the Boss, and it was he who suggested that the bone which was "removed" from Nellie must be the largest in the kitchen.



"There's no difference between the 2½- and the 5½ dinner—... except me!"



## THE KIDNAPPING MURDERER

Seducer, forger, bushranger, he did one of Sydney's most vile killings.

OF all the debased and diabolical criminals transported to Australia in its first 50 years, few if any were in the same class with John Knatchbull, who lacked out his life at the end of a rope outside the old Woolloomooloo Gaol in January, 1843, for the Margaret Place murder, one of the most ghastly crimes in early Sydney's history.

But before his execution Knatchbull, or Fitch as he was known, had built up an imposing record as a thief, forger, bushranger and general badman, and had figured as principal in the persecution of an English girl, Jane New, whose story was one of the most tragic of all the tragic stories of women in New South Wales.

Jane New met Fitch first when, as a young girl in the English county of Cheshire, he learned that her father had money and began courting her. Fitch, an ex-post captain in the Royal Navy and a bro-

ther of Sir Edward Knatchbull, finally persuaded her to send some money from her father and to run away with him to be married.

Fitch arranged for the ceremony to be performed privately by one of his dissolute friends who posed as a minister. The "newly-weds" occupied an expensive apartment in London, where Jane found for the first time that her husband's friends were all crooks. And so her horror she realised she had been seduced under the ease of a mock marriage.

The situation of such a girl in the early nineteenth century—when women enjoyed no economic independence and need be supported by a man—was as hopeless as that of any of the unfortunate women in Daniel Defoe's earlier angry sociological novels. Betrayed and duped into theft, how could she return to her father, but, lacking the means of earning a livelihood, how could she leave Fitch?

Meanwhile her father, unaware that she was the thief, had requested the loss of his money. The police tracked her down and despite her father's protests she was sentenced to seven years transportation to Van Diemen's Land.

There her good behavior enabled her finally to be assigned as a servant to James New, who married her, and eventually she was given a ticket of leave and they moved to Sydney.

Meanwhile, Knatchbull, or Fitch, had been convicted of picking pockets in the Vauhall Gardens and was transported to New South Wales. His sociopathic connections enabled him to obtain special transport on the transport *Assa*, however, and when he arrived in Sydney in 1824 he was sent to the Wellington district, where he eventually became a constable. On leave in Sydney, he forged a promissory note but was acquitted at a subsequent trial, and continued living in Sydney.

It was there he again met Jane New, who was living with her husband and child in a house close to the racetrack—the site of the present Hyde Park.

Fitch decided he wanted the girl again, so he induced a woman companion to call on Jane and plant a purse of money on her. Then the woman reported that she had been robbed, the purse was found on Jane New, who was arrested, charged, and after conviction sent to the female factory at Parramatta. From there she was eligible for engagement as an assigned servant again, which was exactly what Fitch had planned.

But before Fitch could complete

his plan New obtained legal assistance, had his wife's confinement in gaol cancelled on technical legal grounds and she returned to him as his wife. But even then she was not free of Fitch for good.

Fitch at this time was pursuing his criminal activities, and was finally convicted of forgery and transported to Norfolk Island.

Before sailing from Sydney Harbour, he asked some fellow prisoners to poison the guards with arsenic, but after the food had been poisoned, and before it was eaten, he betrayed his confederates to the authorities. Some of them were hanged, others flogged. Fitch himself—he had tried this method successfully when in the Wellington Valley—received a good mark. He continued pumping on his companions at Norfolk Island and finally became so hated that he had to be transferred for his own safety to Port Macquarie, where he obtained a ticket of leave.

At this stage Fitch became over-zealous at the Campbelltown farm of a wealthy widow and linked up with the notorious Raven's gang of bushrangers. These desperadoes had their hide-out in the appropriately-named Dead Man's Hollow, an inaccessible spot in the Blue Mountains not far from Penrith.

It was while spying out possible profitable undertakings for the Raven's gang that Fitch again found Jane New, living this time at the farm her husband had taken up on the Nepean, near Penrith.

Fitch immediately induced the gang to kidnap Jane and hold her for him in a lonely hut in Dead-man's Hollow. This was done and

June was kept these a prisoner, unmolested, until Fitch should call for her.

But he never called, and Jane New was finally rescued in dramatic circumstances brought about by Fitch's own stupidity and ruthless disregard for human life.

After attempting for June to be kidnapped Fitch went to Sydney to see Mrs. Jamieson, an elderly woman who lived at the corner of Kent street and Margaret Place. It has never been discovered why he went there, although it was believed in some quarters at the time that Mrs. Jamieson, who knew Jane, had sent for him to warn him to leave the girl alone.

Whatever the purpose of the visit, Fitch foolishly stalked in the shadows near Mrs. Jamieson's house for an hour and a half before entering. His suspicious behavior had alarmed one of Mrs. Jamieson's neighbors, who raised an alarm, and the house was surrounded.

When the front door was forced, Mrs. Jamieson was found with her head split open and her face battered beyond recognition. A tonic, however, had been used for the assault. She died shortly afterwards.

Fitch was found in an upstairs room and was handed over to the police, who, in the ensuing weeks, had the greatest difficulty in saving him from being lynched by angry mobs.

One of the strangest features of the crime was that the motive was never discovered. It was not a love affair, nor was robbery involved, for Fitch was carrying bank drafts for £500 that had just reached him from England. He was also found

to be carrying a rough plan which proved to be a diagram of the secret track to Dead Man's Hollow, from where Jane New was rescued shortly afterwards. A rescue party followed the track, and, taking the gang by surprise, captured the kidnappers and saved Fitch's victim from further wrongs.

At the inquest on Mrs. Jamieson—it was held in a public house at the corner of Clarence-street and Margaret Place—John Shallice, her neighbor, told how he had watched Fitch's strange behavior about 10 p.m. on January 6, 1844. After Fitch had entered Mrs. Jamieson's shop and banged the door, and Shallice: "I told my wife I feared he was murdering her. I no over and found the door locked, and heard some strokes given as of someone breaking a coconut with a hammer."

Incidentally, Shallice gave evidence that when he reported to a passing watchman that a woman had just been murdered in the shop the watchman had said: "Well, what is that to me?"

Fitch was committed for trial. His case came on in the Supreme Court before Mr. Justice Burton and a jury on January 24. He was defended by Robert Lowe—later Viscount Sherbrooke—who had been to school with him in England, and who put up the remarkable defense of self-defense.

The jury returned a verdict of guilty without leaving the court. Fitch was sentenced to death. The Full Court rejected his appeal and he hanged on January 13, 1845.

Before the execution he signed a statement confessing the guilty murder of Mrs. Jamieson.



"John, take that thing off or once and go to sleep!"

# cornishman's fingers



ADAM FRANCIS

THE style of yam Captain Piper told of the Cornishman's fingers is uncommon in Australia, for men seldom accept anything so far-fetched, particularly when it has a supernatural note.

However, most of the Hill believed him because, as manager of the big mine, he was presumably a hard-headed and practical man, not given to romanticism.

Back in 1888, when he was supervising work one day on the newly-sunk Pulp's shaft, he was accosted by a young fellow looking for work.

"Any experience?" Captain Piper asked.

"Well, not this sort of mining exactly, but—"

The mine manager looked him over. He seemed a well set up young fellow, alert and lively, so Piper called over the shaft boss, then said sharply to the fellow: "Your name by any chance Oakes?"

"Why, yes," said the young fellow, astonished. "How did you know?"

"I guessed."

Science would scoff at this, but it's a tale with a curious basis.

"But you've never set eyes on me before I'm a stranger to Broken Hill! Only three weeks out from the Old Country—"

"I took a look at your fingers," the manager said. He turned to the shift boss. "Put him on. He'll be a good miner. He's a Cornishman."

After the young fellow had gone back to town, the shift boss asked how the manager had guessed his name. "I didn't see anything unusual about him," he said. "What about his fingers?"

"Didn't you see?"

"Well, fingers of one hand turned a bit short, that's all."

"Exactly. The right hand. Always a."

At the time there were a couple more miners named Oakes on the Barren, and Captain Piper advised the shift boss to look at their hands, too. It was, he said, a family peculiarity. A deformity that dated back a century and a half.

In the early 18th century the north coast of Cornwall had a tough reputation. It soil is a wild,

loosely, storm-battered coast and dangerous to shipping, but in those days there were no modern navigation lights and charts were not always reliable.

In one record period, from 1823 to 1846, no less than 131 vessels were lost along a 40-mile stretch of coast, between Land's End and Trevose Head.

Out of these disasters arose the popular Cornish custom of Wrecking. It became a fine art. A ship would founder on soft-smothered rocks, pile up on shore, and unmercifully almost every man, woman and child in the neighborhood would be on the scene, if they were not already watching, anticipating the worst.

The Wreckers, who were not uncommon even in the 20th century, saw nothing wrong in their actions. After all, it was only salvage, what the sea washes upon the beach is nobody's property. If they stripped ships before they actually struck the beach, well they were only speeding up the inevitable. Besides, the Cornish people along this coast were always close to starvation. Men's wages in the tin mines and hazardous fishing were the only things to keep them going.

But there were other, more sinister Wreckers. They became figures of legend, jacking with van prices and morals, but nonetheless real. They were suspected of luring ships ashore in dirty weather, waiting for gales and rough seas to flash deceptive lights from some lonely cliff-top.

Some tied lanterns to the tail of a horse or a donkey, letting it wander at its own free will along the cliffs until some skipper, blown

off his course, thought he saw salvation, steering towards lights he presumed were signalling safe anchorage.

The original Oakes family, according to the mine manager, were Wreckers of this kind. Desperate fellows, they made a living out of wrecks, a bitter fate brought their way. They owned an oblique house which trailed a lamp along the dark cliffs by night.

Sometimes, when the ships broke up on the rocks, one or two of the crew might struggle ashore. But they did not live to report what happened. They were seized by the Oakes, scolded, robbed and tossed back into the sea.

One day the eldest son, sickening of the brutality of their occupation, broke away. The others, refusing to believe that he would prefer hard work to the easy pickings of their profession, assumed that he must have fallen into the sea and drowned. No reports of his whereabouts were ever made, so at last he was officially presumed dead.

Some years later, during one of the biggest storms within memory, the Oakes family heard there was a fine prize drifting dangerously close to the reef. That night they had no competition, for the villagers, superstitions and easily swayed by the elements, preferred to remain in their cottages, huddling about smoky fires.

On the cliff top old man Oakes and his two sons, peering into the dark, watched the ship come ever closer, despite the skipper's desperate efforts to beat his way off the lee shore and out into the English Channel.

The roar of the surf, the wind's



hawl, flying spray, the confusion of broken sea and the unreal outlines of the ship, forever vanishing and looming out there in the moonless night, excited the Wreckers, whipping up the blood. They were hunters awaiting the kill, secure, lining the ship to destruction by the lamp that bobbed and swayed behind their horns. Their shouts of triumph were whipped away by the gale, drowned in the sea's thunder.

At last the vessel struck. It was a swift end, for within five minutes she had begun to break up. Sheer surf broke over her. The keel dragged and rasped over jagged rocks. Wind and ocean pressed her upon her side; cargo, spars, rigging floated away. Two or three men were momentarily glimpsed struggling in the sea, then vanished.

Only one, after a desperate struggle, clambered ashore.

Still the men on the cliff top waited. It was no part of their procedure to go to the rescue of drowning crews. Every man for himself is a moral code which has had wider support than Cornish Wreckers, but at least they made certain they had long odds to favor them.

They watched that lone survivor to see how he fared, expecting every moment he would be washed away. But, despite heavy sea-boots, he fought his way to safety. Then, looking up to the cliff top, he saw them.

For a minute or two both parties stood there, watching each other, wasting their time. The figure down below, shrouded in wet oilskins and sea-wear, began to climb the

steep cliffside to the point where they stood. Hand over hand he came up, slowly, desperately, until he was almost at the top.

Then the old man moved. He took up an axe. He tried to beat the seaman down. But the man gripped the topmost rocks with his hands. The old man raised his axe again, chopped at one of the hands. The seaman fell back the way he had laboriously climbed.

The three Wreckers raced down to the sea level to finish him off. But the fall had broken his skull. One of the brothers turned him on his back, and pumped up with a terrible cry.

The dead man was his own brother.

That was the end of it. Even the father was appalled by what they had done. He threw himself despairingly into the sea. The two brothers left the district, never to be seen there again. It was said they migrated to Turin, settling to work that demanded no robbery or violence.

Both of them married, and raised large families. But the curious thing was that each male child has a deformed right hand. The fingers of the right hand were always stunted, far shorter than the fingers of the left. It was the unrecognized seaman's right hand that the old man had severed with his axe.

Well, that is the story as Captain Piper told it as Broken Hill. It is hard to find corroboration, for medical science would deny its possibility. All that can be said is that three men, all named Oakes, had short and stunted fingers on one hand.



"I'd say this much, she's not the type that naps!"



*Plan for*  
**THE HOME OF TODAY (No. 26)**  
 PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.L.A.

The Australian predilection for one-story houses has made them the rule for the small house. It is usual to go to two storeys only when half-a-dozen or more rooms are required. There are, however, occasions when a two-story plan is desirable for quite a small house. Where the available area of land is limited, where the frontage is small, or where there is a steep fall in the ground, it is usually preferable to keep the area taken up by the house by building in two storeys.

CAVALCADE Plan No. 26 shows a simple but effective plan for a small house of two bedrooms that would fit quite comfortably on a block of land 35 feet wide. It is planned for a block which has the best outlook from the rear end and all the main rooms are placed

*Centred on page 44*





## HOME AND ITS SETTING

By W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

A HOUSE is, of course, only part of the home. The setting is every bit as important, and while a well-planned setting cannot compensate for a poorly-planned house, the best house loses much of its appeal if it is not planned to harmonize with the setting.

The early planning of the two should go hand in hand. That is why it has been stressed here that the planning of the home cannot be commenced until the architect has familiarized himself with the land and got the "feel" of the surroundings.

In bushland settings the house is planned to grow from the soil, and little is required to improve the natural surroundings. But on most suburban lots a good deal more than this is demanded.

Many of these are bare of trees so that one has to start from the very beginning. A house rising starkly from bare ground is not a beautiful thing, no matter how well designed it is. There is a certain inherent stiffness in bricks and mortar that can only be softened by appropriate greenery.

It is hard to lay down strict rules for garden planning, for just as the house should be planned to suit the site, so the garden lay-out must be developed from the natural features and to conform with the house.

If there are any trees on the land the garden is naturally planned around them. And it must always be remembered that the garden is

not the beginning and the end, but the setting for the house.

As one of the principal functions of the garden is to soften the lines of the building, it is obvious that strictly formal lines should be avoided in the garden. Georgian is about the only form of architecture that suggests a formal layout.

In most cases formal lines and symmetrical planning should be religiously avoided. Except for short paths the straight line is best discarded in favor of the broad sweep, and the narrow bed for a wide garden with a curving margin.

Nothing looks worse than the stereotyped narrow bed up each side of a narrow allotment.

A wide bed with broad sweeps—not fussy little scallops—will make a narrow lot look wider and will add immensely to the interest. There must, of course, be a reason for the sweeps in the outline of the bed, and the sweeps must be in the skyline as well as on the ground plan.

Each sweep must lead to some tree or shrub of more than equal interest and stature beyond its neighbors. The same rules that apply to music, to story writing, to every form of creative art, hold good. The interest must always swell to a climax, the eye must be led to some outstanding feature. And above all, the whole layout must lead to the house.

One doesn't have to be a genius. Close observation of other gardens is the quickest way to learn.

to enjoy this outlook. A terrace on the lower level and a partly covered deck on the upper floor take further advantage of the view.

Even though the entrance front of the house is the least important, it still looks quite attractive and with pleasing garden layout is certain to hold its own with its neighbors.

The living room is entered through double doors from the hall and connects direct with the dining space. Both these rooms look out on to the terrace, the living room also having double glass doors leading outside. The kitchen is placed so to facilitate service to the dining room and to be within easy reach of the front door.

All these rooms upstairs open off the small stair landing. Both bedrooms have built-in wardrobes and doors leading out on to the deck. The bathroom is fitted with a separate shower recess.

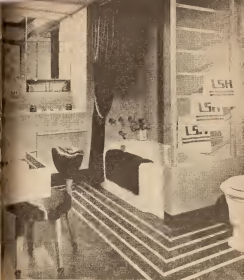
A feature of the house is the large amount of window area, designed to admit the maximum of light into the rooms and also to open them up to the view. The general layout suggests a spaciousness seldom met with in so small a home.

At the rate of £150 per square, the cost of building this house would be £2,200.



## *Ideas* FOR THE HOME OF TODAY

*Cleanliness is next to godliness*—and to home-happiness—in this bathroom-cum-dressing room. Practically everything in the room is glass. The walls are mirror-paneled, with indirect lighting. The shower curtain is glass. The floor has a water-resistant finish.



*Gaiety is the keynote* in this bathroom. It features a white-striped red floor, with red shower curtains and chair and red monogrammed towels. A light is placed where it is needed over the mirror. Inset shelf over bathtub makes room for cosmetics, and the mirror conceals the bath-cabinet. Worth copying is the ladder arrangement at the end of the bath, which serves as a towel rack.



*Making the most of a small space, this is the winner of the nation's 1980s design award. A clever use of the partition between the kitchen and bedroom, and a modern, integrated design, makes this a small space that is big.*





*In a busy house where a second bathroom cannot be provided, a washbasin in a corner of a bedroom relieves the pressure on the bathing facilities. Built-in, it is discreetly camouflaged with drawer space, yet takes up no more room than an ordinary piece of furniture.*

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## CAVALCADE'S

## Cover Girl

(from Melbourne)  
**FETED IN SYDNEY**

● Chosen from nearly 3000 entries the winner of the Cavalcade Cover Girl Quest, lovely Noel McGilchay of Toorak, Melbourne, was brought to Sydney for a week crowded with press engagements, social engagements, photographic work, radio interviews and screen tests. Noel was accompanied by her mother.

● About to fly to Singapore for the premiere there of "Smitty" in which she was leading lady, stage and screen actress Muriel Steinbeck met the Cover Girl as the plane touched down at Mascot 'drome, presented her with flowers. Miss Steinbeck was a judge in the Cover Girl Quest.



● Noel McGilchay was driven through the city to Sydney's Hotel Australia where she stayed. This car was placed at the Cover Girl's disposal for the week. Noel visited Sydney beaches and was taken on the prettiest driver the capital offers. She also saw the night-4907.

● To Macquarie, New York's Radio Roundman Peter Barry she said in an interview: "I'd like to see Chas. Rafferty while I'm in Sydney." Muriel Steinbeck, present at the interview, said that as one of the judges she was completely delighted by the pose as well as the beauty of the Cover Girl.





● The million miles on the screen (1941-1942). Noel Robb heard Noel's radio request to meet her, was introduced to her at a cocktail party and told afterwards "I wouldn't have missed it, she's lovely."

● At Grosvenor Station, Sydney, the Cover Girl was screen-tested. The test will be sent to Hollywood by Columbia Pictures, who made "Smitty" in Australia. Columbia also asked Noel to make a special test in Sydney, but wouldn't say why. On John Dunne's radio 25th session, "In Town Tonight," Noel discussed her screen test, expressed herself delighted.

(Photo courtesy "Daily Mirror")



● At a cocktail party in Cavalcade's offices the Cover Girl chatted (about the magazine's publisher Ken G. Murray and the Columbia Pictures' representative, Mr. Joe Joel, and Cavalcade's advertising manager, Colin Frapetrick. General Manager Fred T. Smith (left) presented the K. G. Murray Publishing Company's award cheque of one hundred guineas as the climax to an exciting and highly successful week of business and pleasure. Immediately following at her success to Noel McGilver was a lot of heavy bookings for photographic engagements. At 17 she has beauty, poise, an elegant dress sense, smiles with natural charm for the camera, and was described by leading Sydney photographers as "naturally photogenic, a wonderful find."

(See story on "Telling Points" on page 111.)





*Pearce*

BEAUTY HAS ITS DANGER—



*Pearce*

—AND DANGER A SUBTLE CHARM!



*Pigskin*

HOW I'M OUT OF THE STY—



*Pearson*

—DON'T FENCE ME IN!



## Problem of the Month

At the embassies and legations in Canberra you find the most cosmopolitan gatherings in Australia. For instance, our friend and confidant Edmond de Vere Bartholomew attended a small, select and distinguished party numbering 14. When he got home his wife, with that curiosity that distinguishes women at two o'clock in the morning, wanted to know all about it. Edmond, with that vagueness that distinguishes a man at the same hour, told her that eight were French, three were Englishmen and the remainder Russians. There were nine men present altogether. With that information Edmond's wife had to be content. And she asked herself: In that case how many French women, at the least, were in the party?

## Answer

Edmond's wife saw at a glance that there had been at least two French women in the party. As there were three Englishmen you can see that there were six French or Russians, or six French and Russians. Six from eight leaves two, so that there must have been at least two French women, as the remaining six men all could have been French.

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## VENGEANCE ON DR. MALDOUN

They made him a murderer—by gazing  
him for a crime he did not do.

FRANK S. GREENOP

SHE was dead when I discovered her, and I did not cry. At first I thought she was asleep in peace, so still and easily did she lie in bed. Too still and easily, I thought after a moment, and then, from the doorway, without being told, I knew she was dead.

I did not at once admit it to myself, but when I walked across to witness her—I told myself—I did not walk with the easy step, but tip-toed towards something I knew at once was futile.

I did not touch her. I looked down at a substance which, with the passing of life, magically lost the appearance of flesh, the skin was almost transparent, and the face was less wrinkled than it usually was, even in sleep. There was a fine and noble unsociability about her countenance, the kind of triumphant tranquility she could never have had while life was in her. And all of this was because she was dead.

Only after all of this was noted



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in my mind did I realize that she no longer breathed, and even that did not seem important, for several seconds before the fact came consciously to mind, I had taken it for granted.

I did not touch her. I turned the sheet over her face and went to the telephone and called Dr. Mالدون.

"This is Mrs. Mالدون speaking."

"Is doctor there please, Mrs. Mالدون?"

"He does not like to be disturbed so early in the morning. Can I have him call you back?"

I did not argue. I said, "This is Gilchrist."

"Oh, Mr. Gilchrist! Mrs. FEVERSHAM's nephew! Is anything wrong?"

Perhaps only doctors and their wives do not realize that one does not ring for a doctor if something is not wrong.

"Mrs. FEVERSHAM is dead," I said.

"Oh, wait a moment, please. I'll call doctor."

While I waited for him to arrive I sat in the drawing room, as my aunt had always called it, and smoked a cigarette. The conversation on the telephone echoed in my mind, empty otherwise of thought.

"Oh, Mr. Gilchrist! Mrs. FEVERSHAM's nephew! Is anything wrong?" That is why I did not cry. That is the way it had always been. Mrs. FEVERSHAM's nephew, as a little boy who lived in her large, silent house without joy between school terms at first, and after school days, all the time. Even during school terms, in the

big, stuffy private school, Gilchrist of the fourth form was Mrs. FEVERSHAM's nephew. Next year Gilchrist of the fifth form was Mrs. FEVERSHAM's nephew still—so much as to say to all that he was a little unknown, unwanted creature who would not have been at school at all, but for the kind fate that made him Mrs. FEVERSHAM's nephew.

Ten years after leaving school, all the old people who remembered me as a child kept on calling me Mrs. FEVERSHAM's nephew. Of course, when I was a man who wore long trousers and smoked cigarettes and drove out in her car—when she gave her permission, which had always to be asked—they had to find something to call me in the street.

As I waited for Dr. Mالدون I gave a bitter grin. They could not very well say, "Good morning, Mrs. FEVERSHAM's nephew!" "Oh, Mrs. FEVERSHAM's nephew, would you be so good as to tell your aunt—" No, they could not address me like that, so they came to call me Mr. Gilchrist, and always qualified it, unless addressing me personally, with my relationship to the old lady, the extremely rich old lady, whose life had proved to me from my birth, it seemed, that the world respects not people, but money.

I knew there was nothing personally likeable about my aunt, and that was another reason why I did not cry.

I knew that she, in herself, would have never attracted the people she poured tea for, or played bridge with, or gave dinner to. I knew that they had a mental

vision of her as half a million pounds' worth of bonds dressed in gorgeous imported styles that were too young for her, and I knew that the respect given her was homage paid to a roll of notes. I knew that the homage would have been paid to the roll of notes anyway, and that it was purely accidental that the person of my aunt should receive it from the Mالدون-worshippers and pass it on, so to speak, to the wealth for which so much respect was intended.

Even my own dependence on Mrs. FEVERSHAM was not so purely hypocritical as that; it was the result of all she had done, it was perhaps the only thing in life she had ever created, this complete dependence of myself upon her, and she created that from school-days and earlier by insinuating that I learn nothing useful, that I live a secluded and frustrated life, that I do no positive action.

I had the technical freedom of going out and coming in, with her permission; but the practical restriction was not that she fix the time. Ah, so, she was too cunning to believe she could keep me in on a time limit. She determined, out of her half-million pounds, the number of shillings I should spend.

"But you must be perfectly happy, Gil," she used to say. "You are a pleasant young man with a good education. You have the car, and perfect freedom, you have the house to live in, and you come and go as you like."

"That is true," I used to answer. I never could bring myself to say, "What can I do with a car and a stony night and the exactly in my pocket?"

So I did not cry now that she was dead, and when Dr. Mالدون arrived I opened the door and let him in casually.

"She was dead when I got up this morning," I said. "I telephoned you at once."

"She did not cry out or anything like that?" he asked.

"No."

"And she did not speak to you before she died?"

"No."

"Did you come home very late last night?"

"Not very."

"And you didn't see her at all after you came home?" he asked.

"You didn't look in to see if she was sleeping well?"

"I never did."

"Mrs. You didn't see her between the time she went to bed and the time she died." He placed his hand on my shoulder. "It's terribly sorry, my poor young man. This is a terrible blow to you, even though you are only her nephew. I know."

All my life I had been Mr. Gilchrist, Mrs. FEVERSHAM's nephew. Now, over her lifeless body, I had become in a moment magically transformed to be "only her nephew."

I was so sorrow-free and my resentment was hot enough for me to protest, with dignity. "It is a terrible blow to me," I said, "and I shall find the administration of her business a terrible responsibility. I know so little about sleeping on."

Dr. Mالدون nodded gravely and nodded his lip. "If you do have to carry on," he murmured, "I feel you will do it well."

The examination of the body was so superficial as to be almost meaningless, but after it he wrote a certificate of death. The official disposal of a life was so easy as that, I watched him, in those brief moments, and marvelled.

To the world and to himself he was a great research scientist. People looked to him for big pronouncements; he himself believed that he would announce a cure for cancer — a probably successful treatment for cancer, he would have said, since he, like all medicals, hated to use the word "cure" — before his life's work was out. Only for Mrs. Feversham did he risk his sanity of life, she, the wealthy widow of a wealthy manufacturer, was the only person he ever treated as a private patient. Such was the largeness of his scientific heart, and such was the respect her half-million commanded.

I watched him dismiss her from life as briefly as a school teacher telling a late-kept child to go, and I marvelled that for all his great knowledge and his powerful mind, there wasn't anything he could do.

He screwed the can on his fountain pen and thoughtfully turned away from the bed. "She died at the night, at peace," he said, "dead five or six hours—where!"

In the act of turning from the bed he saw something that made him give a little whistle, and without haste he reached over among the ribbony crannies of the bedside table and picked up something. Even his whistle of surprise did not arouse any interest, I was slowly thinking. "How does he know how long she has been dead

when he did not even feel her limbs for rigor mortis?"

Then he came towards me with something in his hand. He passed me and went before me into the hallway.

"I hope you won't be upset by this, Mr. Gikhest," he said, "you are so admirably calm. Your aunt may not have died from natural causes. I shall have to telephone to the police."

He held the little brown bottle in one hand, and telephoned to the police. They came and took her away, and took the little brown bottle with them, and took some mementos from Dr. Muldoon and myself—mementos they took in front of him on the spot; but they said they would call later at a time which suited him.

I was glad to know that the respect they had for Dr. Muldoon's mind was deeper than the respect they had for Mrs. Feversham's money. After they had left the house I telephoned to her solicitors, and then, as though finally discharged of a load of responsibility, and feeling suddenly free for, I suppose, the first time in my life, I called Betty on the telephone and said: "My dear, I am coming over, don't go out."

I went to Mrs. Feversham's little safe and put money into my pocket. I took the car without having to ask her, and filled the petrol tank to capacity at the garage.

"Letting myself go today, Mr. Gikhest," the attendant said. "The tank of this car has never been full before, and I know, because I have poured in every gallon of juice she's ever had."

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Then I drove to Betty's place, and Betty and I drove miles into the country to a pretty little place where we lunched and drank out wine. We had often been to the place before, but we had never drunk wine there before, because Mrs. Feversham did not like wine-drinking, she ruled against them with the Scripture.

That day I did the first thing in my life I had ever really wanted very badly to do, without a thought of my new-dead aunt or a fear of what she might think.

I asked Betty to marry me at a decent interval after the funeral, and Betty put her hand over mine and kissed me and looked into my eyes with tears in her own and said that it was all she asked of life. In the morning I had lost my aunt and felt no sorrow, in the evening I had won a bride, and realised for the first time what a lovely, heady thing it is to be all man, and free.

## II

"The said Ada Elsie Feversham was murdered by the administration of poison wilfully from the hand of Armand Louis Gikhrut."

The coroner committed me for trial, on a charge of wilful murder.

In the body of the court Dr. Maldoun sat glaring from beneath his heavy brows, and his thought-wrinkled face was expressionless, but his eyes were alive.

Betty was dressed in a severe grey costume with a little white ruffle at the neck and little ruffles of lace at the wrists, and she was an coquet, too. She cried softly when she was allowed to see me for a

moment afterwards, and I squeezed her arm and looked into her eyes.

"Don't cry, Betty," I said. "Be brave, darling. I did not do this, and the trial will show it. They cannot prove that I did something I did not do, can they?"

She shook her head, and shook the tears out of her eyes.

"I know they cannot make you into a murderer," she said; "and even if they did say so I would never believe them. But what am I saying? They will not say so. But—that trial—to have to face such an ordeal!"

I patted her hand and kissed her. There would not be anything to worry over. There was half a mil-



lion pounds to buy me the best legal brains of the country.

There was—until Betty came to see me during my ordeal on a visiting day.

"Gill," she said in a tense little voice, "have you heard yet?"

The question did not make sense to me for a moment. Then my heart bounded with joy—as I believed that some new evidence had been found that cleared me. The thought came in a fraction of a second and passed as quickly as I saw the seriousness of her face.

"Gill," she said, "you don't know. They have found another will. And your aunt has left £500 a year to you out of interest from

"Don't be a little fool," he shouted. "Go away and stay away," some investments. Everything else goes to Dr. Maldoun to aid his research."

I froze. I could not think. It was impossible for me to realise what it meant, because that half-million pounds had, all my life, been more really a part of my expenditure than had my aunt herself. I could not realise that it was no longer there, that I was as poor as an insurance clerk, that coal-masters often made more than I now had in the world.

"And the house?" I asked her. "Goes to Dr. Maldoun for a rest home or any other purpose

which will help him in his work."

"But Dr. Malden doesn't want a test home, because he has no patients."

"But he probably has other purposes," Betty said. "It is his, unconditionally."

My heart pounded and greedily choked me. Betty reassured me with a deep, long snarl that was not a snarl of joy, but an expression of trust.

Later in the day the solicitor came to see me. He explained the will, and his whole tone was different. The obscurity which attended him when he believed me to be the heir to half a million pounds was gone, and the brief, business-like attitude of this interview was much the same as he would have given to the managing clerk of five hundred a year, under the same circumstances, though he tried to soften it with a little kindness in the voice for old time's sake. I'll say that for him.

But I was not to be defenceless just because this new will had made everything over to Dr. Malden. The doctor was generous enough to see to that. He had provided an open cheque for my defence. He was surprised and overcome by the great devotion of poor old Mrs. Revenham to the cause of research science, the money would bring his discoveries so much nearer to helping the human suffering; it would hasten the day in which Dr. Malden believed—the day the world could be told that cancer was conquered.

And after the trial was over and I was discharged, Dr. Malden wanted to speak to me about myself, for his gratitude to Mrs.

Revenham had to be expressed to and through me.

I believe that afternoon I wanted them to hang me. I wished I had been guilty so that they might have kindly put me out of the way, for it worried that my life, was to be divided into two parts, the first dependent on Mrs. Revenham, the second on Dr. Malden. I think I said to a friendly wander: "I hope they hang me!" And I think I remember his saying back: "They hardly ever hang anybody now."

But I took less interest in my defence until Betty one day said to me—still through the bars of the prison—that all this made no difference, that she loved me more than she had ever loved me and that she would marry me as soon as the trial was over.

Her trust and devotion to me were too great and I reacted to them strangely. "Without my attorney you can't marry me," I shouted. "And I can't marry you!"

"You've been too close to money all your life," she said. "It is not so important, and I don't care if you have to sleep in parks. I love you, I love you, I love you, Gill, and when all this nightmare is over you're going to marry me, darling, even if I have to make you. The will makes no difference."

"Don't be a little fool," I shouted. "The will makes a hell of a lot of difference. Don't try to be kind to me. Don't try to give me reassurances out of sympathy. Go away and stay away, and after the trial is over we'll see."

Bitterness filled my voice and an anger attending almost to de-

## STOP WEARING GLASSES

I sat alongside her on the boat going to Manly. She had forgotten her glasses. She told me she couldn't read at first and was very unhappy about it. I got talking to her and eventually asked:

"Have you ever tried to read or knit without them?" She looked at me rather wearily. I thought, he does she said, "Why do you think I wear glasses?" "I don't know," I said, "but I DO know you can do without them."

At first, I think she felt I was impertinent, but somehow I held her attention, particularly when I asked, "Have you ever heard of Eye Culture?" She admitted she had heard of it. "Sue of Eye Remedies," she said, "but I'm too old for them, they're only for children and young people." "You're wrong," I told her, "Eye Culture, for a start, is more than just Eye Remedies. Why don't you find out more about it?" I could see she was thinking hard, so I told her I was over sixty, and it was only a few years ago a friend of mine who was very short-sighted took a course in Eye Culture and was so enthusiastic about the way which his eyes improved and gradually came back to normal that I was induced to take a course myself.

To tell the truth, I did not expect much, because I had had bad eyecare for nearly twenty years. At forty my eyes began to fail. . . . Long night, you know. Couldn't read the paper without holding it away from me. It gradually got

worse until I could only read the big headlines in the paper—even with glasses. I had to change my glasses every year and then for stronger lenses, but my eyes never improved. It was with a sort of despairing effort I took up Eye Culture, but to my amazement my eyes showed a definite improvement almost at once. This gave me heart and I kept going. Gradually I found I could leave my glasses off altogether. I could scarcely believe myself. . . . Here I was at an age when people usually believe their eyes "start get weaker. . . ." because I'm getting on in years. . . . and my eyes were again as good as ever they were. Thanks to Eye Culture. So you see age does not matter with Eye Culture.

After a moment she said: "What's the address?" and I gave it to her. About a month after I met her again by chance, on the boat going home. She was delighted that she came straight up to me and said, "Isn't it wonderful? They're improved already!" . . . and they had, a lot.

Now if YOU have anything wrong with your eyes, or if you wear glasses, don't feel reined; call for a free consultation, or 'phone, or write for an appointment, sending 25d stamped addressed envelope for reply. The address is Eye Culture, 66 St. James Building, 509 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Tel.: MA 5167.

ESTABLISHED 1929



tangement had charge of my mind.

Betty pleaded with me, but left me crying. She came to see me again. I told her I was sorry, and that I believed in her, and that I loved her and would always love her. I told her I would do something to improve my position and we would be married, and she smiled at me and went happily away.

That outbreak in the midst of my depression was forgotten, until the final Many little things were forgotten, until the final. Then those little things came out as they had happened, one after the other. Somehow, pronounced the way they were in court, they seemed not so little.

How emotional I had been about my aunt's death. "Casual," said Mrs. Maldoun in the witness box.

Under cross-examination by the Crown Prosecutor the doctor admitted that I had been casual, but said shock did that to some people.

Under cross-examination the doctor said, too, that I had not visited my aunt's bedroom when I came home on the night of her death. She had told him often, he said, how thoughtfully I always went to her bedroom and assured her I was safely home.

Why, asked the Crown, had I not done so this night? Was it because I had been to her room for the purpose of murdering her, and because of my guilty conscience had denied being in the room at all? That was a slip on my part, they said.

But I never visited my aunt as the doctor described.

Then why, they asked, had Mrs.

Fevensham told this to the doctor? They were certain she would not lie. They laughed at my explanation that she had a mother-son complex towards me, that she might lie to make our relationship sound more intimate than it was.

Had I then I did admit that there was no warmth between us. And so on, sickeningly, it went.

I had believed I was beneficiary under the will. The day following her death I had gone out with a full tank of petrol. The game-man testified I had never done it before; I had asked a woman to be my wife. That was part of my motive in the crime—to get the fortune, to get married. I had drunk wine. The restaurateur testified to it. But I was quoted as drinking wine. Did I need this to make the memory of my crime?

There had been an outbreak in the cell, and I had wished they would hang me. The person who gave the evidence—would an innocent man express such a wish?

There was the medical evidence. The brown bottle which, when examined, proved to have held deadly poison, though it was labelled for cheap sleeping tablets. Only my fingerprints and Mrs. Fevensham's were on the bottle. I had the opportunity for filling the bottle with poison. Nobody else in that lonely house had such an opportunity.

The case was purely circumstantial.

Dr. Maldoun had not been supposed that my aunt was dead, though he believed her to be in good health; he had made only a superficial examination of the body, he had stated the time of

death without examining for rigor mortis; he had assured himself that I had not seen my aunt on the night of her death; he had discovered the phial on the bedside table; therefore he too had had access to the phial before the Government Analyst examined it. He was the beneficiary under the will (but he didn't know that!), but he was kind to me, paying for my defence; he had promised to help me afterwards, if I were fined. No, my solicitor said, my thoughts about Dr. Maldoun were not only unworthy, but were quite wild and wrong.

But it was shown that poison had been put into the bottle that contained the sleeping tablets—somebody had to do it. Dr. Maldoun had not done it. I had done it. Motive—opportunity—it was a circumstantial case, but it made me guilty.

There was not, the Appeal Court ruled, a reasonable doubt. But the death sentence was commuted to 20 years' imprisonment, and because I was a weakling and soft, unfit for any hard work, they put me in the prison library. Dr. Maldoun sent me presents to help me from time to time. Betty came to see me once or twice, until I told her that I would never marry her, that as a convicted murderer she must think of me as dead, sorrow for my passing, and go about her life after she had recovered from her bereavement.

After that I didn't see her again. Dr. Maldoun's gifts grew less frequent, and slowly perished out.

The world I had grown up in had not been blasted or bombed away from me. It had discoloured

from around me, leaving me a small grey, stone, barred eternity in which to hang suspended, a mass out of the world.

And out of the world I could think clearly. Down in my mind, ever since Dr. Maldoun had poisoned on the bedside table and lifted the brown bottle from among the cosmetics of my dead aunt, I had had a strangeness, a vague consciousness that there was something strange about that bottle. I had felt something strange about Dr. Maldoun, too, a distrust I could not name.

It was only in the calmness of the small, grey, stone eternity of my cell, when struggles had ceased and I was tranquil again, that my subconscious mind spoke to me and told me what I had so desperately wanted to know before. It was this—my aunt did not often take sleeping tablets, though she kept them in the house. She had lost the screw-top of the bottle in which she had kept them, and so had transferred them, shortly before her death, to another bottle. And although she had bought them in a brown bottle she had kept them, on the night of her death, in a colorless bottle!

This proved in my mind that Dr. Maldoun had murdered Mrs. Fevensham, and had himself brought into the house the bottle which with an analyst's report had condemned me. He had prepared the poison bottle, no doubt some time earlier. He had possibly used a bottle from our own medicine chest, to get the right fingerprints on it. But he had produced the bottle he expected to find, not the bottle actually in use at the time.

If my mind had been trained, or if I had given these things any thought, the proof of my innocence had lain within reach all the time, simply in producing the bottle in which the sleeping tablets were kept. It might, or it might not, have saved me. It could have been argued that I had used the brown bottle—but it could have been shown that Mrs. Fenniman would never have used it, and that would have saved me. It might have looked like her suicide then, but it would not have given the appearance of murder—by me.

What filled my mind as the days passed by was the thought that, now beyond doubt, Dr. Maldoun had murdered my aunt. And why? Because he knew that, whether he respected her half-million pounds or not, he would gain substantially under the will.

These stretched before me more than 19 years of prison sentence yet. Nineteen years to reflect on the bitterness of being branded guilty of the crime I had not committed, of losing my freedom, my wealth, and the wonderful girl who had had all my love but whom, in the eyes of justice—is she not blind?—had been only a motive for murder.

The time, in the prison library which had become my world, if world it could be called, passed very slowly. It gave me time to think, and it was a long time before, exploring the recesses and ramifications of what had befallen me, I realised the truth—so simple, so staring, that I had missed it long enough.

Repeatedly I had stumbled on one point—I had never been con-

vinced that Dr. Maldoun had known that his benefit under the will would be substantial enough to lead to his committing the crime. I had answered this in several ways. He had gumbled on it, knowing that he would not be the sufferer should the will overlook him; he had reason from my aunt to believe that his benefit would be substantial. Both of these explanations had been, I thought, plausible enough. But now I saw with startling clearness two other answers, each of which made him damned and doubly guilty. He had been often in my rich aunt's house; he could have seen the will! Further, he could have forged it!

When these explanations came to me they were the final parts in the great puzzle I had been trying to build, the complex picture of his guilt. Now there was not one missing factor, and I knew his guilt; I saw the crime planned, prepared and carried out by Dr. Maldoun, as clearly as if it were on a photographic screen. I gained a quick and clear certainty that I was paying the penalty for his crime while he ran his fingers through a great sum of money which should have been mine.

From that time on I started to look forward. The past was now complete and closed, for all questions were answered; the future, no longer bounded by the gray stone walls, stretched out. It began as 18 years' time, when I came out of jail. There was a period of waiting ahead of me; 18 years of waiting, then, when I came out of jail, life began again.

I started to read certain books in the library. I read them avidly

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and speedily, I related most curious information to the purpose of the future. Written down on paper my single thoughts might have seemed curious indeed. But they were not written down on paper: they were seated in my mind so that, when the time came, my work would be as complete and as perfect as the grim work Dr. Maldoun had done on my aunt.

III

Never before in my life had such a feeling of well-being surged through me. It was hard to believe that, even allowing for all the remissions for good conduct, I had spent 17 years between the tiny grey cell of the prison and the dusty, gloomy prison library.

That was so far past as to be but a vague memory. I never would have believed that, in the short space of six weeks, that grim and terrible memory, crushing for so long, could completely be shaken free.

They said that when men came out of prison the experience haunted them and left them warped and frightened. I could understand now why that was. It was because those men came out looking back, with nothing to look forward to. But I had been different, for I had come out impatient to commence my carefully prepared plan, eager to do.

Money—that was my embarrassment when I came out. And I remembered that Dr. Maldoun had told my solicitor 17 years ago that he would "take care of me" when I came out. He would be generous to me with aittance—perhaps one per cent—of the money he had murdered to obtain! Thank you,

doctor, but I don't want you to know I am out. I don't want any body to know that I have the remotest connection with you. I will get a job, earn some money.

But in the first two weeks I am how unaided I am to get a job. I have a few pounds though, and I gamble. I win. I gamble again, and win again. But why go through the history of my investments? The will to perform is a great and terrible force, when a man's entire energies and powers of reasoning in a prison library are giving it strength. And I will to get money—a problem I have pondered so long in goal that, after the first fortnight that acquaintances me to freedom again, I find no difficulty.

So, I am re-established; and I live comfortably, and my prison record is successfully hidden, and there is little knowledge of me in the world, because years of silence have taught me to do without conversation and without friends.

Montague and other writers whom I met in the prison library, place great store by conversation. Talking with a ready man, says one of them, . . . he completely overlooks the fact—that to me the most important fact—that you can talk to yourself! There is a tyrannical presumption that if you talk somebody must listen, but that is not so. How many secrets are never unburdened because they can be told to no one! To no one at all! But you can talk to yourself about them, and as they take the shape of living words falling on your own ear, you understand them better.

Never in my life had such a feeling of well-being possessed me as

on that day, in that comfortable flat, all my purposes accomplished. I was wishing, then, for the newspaper.

I waited yesterday afternoon for the newspaper, but there was not a line in it.

I waited this morning for the newspaper, but there was not a line in it.

I was glad I was rejecting that my dream, so cunningly planned, had not even yet been discovered, and I felt the added security that the older the crime, the harder it would be to trace the culprit—myself.

This afternoon I waited again, and a newborn's cry made my heart jump with gladness, and one glance at the paper told me everything.

How did I conceal my eagerness as I took the paper from his hand? I shall never know. How casual I was, glancing at the heading and then dipping the paper over to the sporting page while the newborn's cry was still on air. "What was the feat?" I asked, and he mentioned a horse's name, and turned away.

There was some terrific impact in this that I had to take alone. I retired to my lounge. I sat down and closed my eyes for a minute, mentally beating myself. Then I spread the paper over my knees and chuckled as I read the heavy black headline, the screaming hypocritical sorrow of an editor whose only interest in death is the number of maggots who feast voraciously on the body of the dead, his readers!

How would it feel to publish ghoulshness for maggots? How

would it be to know, from day-in-day-out experience, that human maggots devoured the death-stench in your pages? What a magic ruse you held over the crowd when you wrote a single line—

#### CANCER RESEARCH EXPERT FOULLY MURDERED

Box of Impotent Anatomical Brains Violent Death to Dr. Maldoun

I read and re-read the black first paragraph.

Six hours before he was due to read to the Cancer Research Society a paper announcing the successful treatment of cancer, Dr. Jasper Maldoun was found dead in his laboratory.

Dr. Maldoun had been dead for 18 hours when his body was discovered.

"He had been foully murdered."

This killer is one who must be brought to justice. He has robbed the medical profession of the most brilliant mind since Louis Pasteur. He has, also, robbed the world of the first hope it has ever had of being free from the scourge of cancer.

Dr. Maldoun's body was discovered by his wife."

Hence, I thought as I read over the report, the sub-editor did not know whether to pursue the story of the loss so serious, or the most immediate dramatic story of violent death. He chose violent death, and the column and a half that followed told in great detail the manner of Dr. Maldoun's death and confessed that at the time this column went to press, there was no clue to the murderer.

The vanity of the ordinary crim-

and might have led him to cut out and keep this flattering tribute to his success as a murderer. But, I reflected, I was no ordinary criminal—indeed, I was a made criminal, manufactured as certainly as if I had been stamped out with a die by a machine. And—I laughed about this—I was even with the law. What a curious case I was.

I am in the clear about all this. There can be no hard feelings for me. I have spent 17 years in a little cold grey eternity of a cell, cut off from the world of men, robbed of my legacy and of the woman I so dearly loved, to pay for some crime I had never committed. I have no reason at all for being in that cell; you might as easily put King George in that cell; you might put the Prime Minister in that cell. I have just been picked up from the ordinary course of life and I have been squeezed dry of life and thrown into that cell. I have been photographed and written about as a killer—and blood has never been on my hands.

All right. You have made me this way, by the involved phrases you call laws. You have a tyranny of words you call a statute book, and because of it and because of the excellent reasoning of your legal men, you have made me a criminal. No act of mine substantiated you; no act of mine gave you a starting point in your campaign to crucify me. But you managed to do it. And I have paid the penalty for a crime I did not commit.

Very well. If you have justice indeed, society owes me a crime. I have paid for it in advance—now I can have it. And what crime will I have? I will have the life of the

very man who made me this way.

You see, dead Dr. Malden, you cannot beat fate. You made me a criminal, paying in advance . . . paying for a crime . . . you did not think I might actually like to commit a crime, seeing that I had already paid for it, did you? Well, I have paid for it, and I have committed it. And you, dead Dr. Malden, you who made me this way, have been the victim of my crime.

Why do I say my crime? Short habe—just because the newspapers call this death a crime. But it is not a crime, actually, for you, dead Dr. Malden, killed in the first place. It was because you were killed I was punished, and it was because of that that you were killed.

You should not complain to God, Dr. Malden, that you were killed. Because you had my half-million pounds for 17 years while I had coarse clothing and poor food and shame I had not won. You had your life, and your life of all-gotten richness hid to end. Well, it is ended, and that is retribution for the death of Mrs. Faversham. It is ended by me, who have paid the penalty in advance. I have been your executioner. The only executioner, I suppose, who ever served a sentence for his act in punishing a murderer.

My mind talked to me, explaining to me, blotting out the news paper page. And then I slept.

I awoke feeling the grey dampness of the stone cell walls around me, and clawed out at them, but they tickled and left me in the room of my flat. I sat up and switched on the bedside lamp. I lit



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a cigarette and tried to recall what I had dreamed; but it was intangible. It evaded me. Perhaps it was no dream, but just a vague disturbance of the mind. I stubbed out my cigarette and went to sleep again.

In the morning the sun was high when I awoke, and I lay in bed, heavy-eyed and thick-headed. It was an effort to get up. For the first time since I had conceived my plan, 17 years ago, I awoke tired.

I forced myself out of bed and splashed cold water in my face, towelled myself down, and dressed with care. I repeated to myself again and again, "You've done it, Dr. Maldoun is dead."

I went out to a cafe and had breakfast. The hum of the traffic seemed to repeat, "You've done it, you've done it."

The babbling of the coffee urn in the kitchen seemed to chant, like a men's chorus, "Dr. Maldoun is dead, Dr. Maldoun is dead."

My jaws opened and closed over my morning roll, and they moved in rhythm with the phrases, "You've done it, you've done it; Dr. Maldoun is dead, Dr. Maldoun is dead."

The sun shone in through the doorway brilliantly, the sky was the bluest blue, the trees in the opposite park were pecky with crisp spring life; the birds were shrill above the traffic. And through the brilliant sunshine and the toll of birds the traffic hummed in monotony. "Dr. Maldoun is dead, you've done it."

So this was achievement. Yes, this was achievement. The lilt had gone out of the refrain,

when I left his laboratory, his body dead but warm on the floor, my heart had been murmuring: "Dr. Maldoun is dead." When I saw it in the papers, I sang in response to it, had the happy headlines were music. But this morning—the phrase that would not leave my mind was no longer a song, but a funeral dirge. And this morning, for the first time in 17 years, I had nothing to look forward to.

What did a man do when he had achieved his purpose? What could take the place of a long-planned goal, once reached? I did not know. Today for the first time I did not know what to do with myself, what I was living for.

I walked in the park, and it made me tired; I went for a pleasure cruise in the afternoon, and it seemed adolescent and vapid. In the darkness of evening I went back to my flat and it seemed as cheerless and lonely as the prison. It was a prison, and the bed I lay down on was a pillow bed.

I stretched in bed. Cars swished past my window and the types murmured, "Dr. Maldoun is dead." The clock ticked louder than it had ever ticked before, and it ticked out, "you have done it doctor mal-doun is dead you have done it doctor mal-doun is dead."

When the clock ticked it was an execution.

And now I am accused. Damn you! Accused of bringing justice to a murderer? I laugh at you. He killed my aunt. He robbed me of half a million pounds. He put me in a goal for 17 years. He had it coming to him. It was not murder. It was execution. Do you ac-



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case the hangman when he does his duty? Why do you accuse me?

I laugh at you. You can't accuse me, I don't owe society anything—I've paid the penalty for this crime. I paid it in advance. I laugh at you. I'm more honest than most criminals. I paid in advance!

The clock said: "You have done-it doctor mid-dead is dead you have done-it doctor mid-dead is dead you have done-it."

I got up and put the light on and smoked a cigarette, but I couldn't stop the clock. I could not stop the clockwork of my own mind thinking. My mind thought on, in dark or light. I told myself it was nerves; remember once before, in prison, you lived in the past? You found yourself bitter and tired and sorry for yourself. And then you suddenly had the idea, and you started to plan for it, and you began to live for the future, and you were a very happy man. You were a happy man for seventeen years because you had something to look forward to. Now you have achieved your goal; you must find something else to look forward to.

What I did was right. I know that. It had to be done. He murdered my aunt—

**AND HOW DO YOU KNOW HE MURDERED YOUR AUNT?**

Well, there was the bottle—there was the way he spoke when he saw her body, remember he did not even test it for rigor mortis! And yet he knew how long she had been dead!

**WOULD HIS PROFESSIONAL EYE KNOW THAT WITHOUT TESTING WITH HIS HANDS?**

I suppose it could, but there was

the way he spoke to me, assuring himself that I had not seen her to speak to on the night she died.

**AND WAS THAT PERHAPS SIMPLY A FRIENDLY INTEREST IN YOU?**

No, of course not. A man who would murder an old lady and forge her will—

**WHY ARE YOU SO CERTAIN HE DID THOSE THINGS?**

Well, somebody had to do them. I didn't do them. I got the blame. I got 17 years in jail. I got branded as a criminal, but I didn't do them. I didn't do them! Somebody had to do them. He got the money! He—

**HE HAD USE FOR THE MONEY!**

My God, yes! He had use for the money all right. He had solved the mystery of cancer with that money! He had wiped out, on paper, thousands of agonizing deaths a year with that money—and now the money, and his magnificent work, are gone for nothing.

The clock said, accusingly: "You have done-it you have done-it!"

My hands hit into the palms of my hands, my teeth hit through my under lip till the blood came. My nerves tensed themselves up until my whole body ached. Then I collapsed on the bed in belly shaking sobs, and sobbed myself to sleep.

I awoke in a sweat of terror.

#### IV

Three days after the body of Dr. Maldoun was discovered on the floor of his laboratory, Mr. Gilchrist went to the police.

Sleeplessness and an inner tor-

ment had given Gilchrist a ghastly appearance, there still lay under his new suit on the pulpit of prison life, and with three days of agony of mind and body, his eyes had become sunken in his head so that he looked like a death's head with a good crop of hair, and this grim appearance was emphasized by his unshaven lower jaw, which appeared to be a dirty grey.

When he walked into the police station the desk sergeant looked at him inquiringly.

Gilchrist without preamble said: "I've come to give myself up."

"What's your name?" the sergeant asked.

Gilchrist furnished his name and address.

"Just come out from a long stretch, haven't you?" the sergeant asked. He knew the name.

"Yes. And I've done it. I killed Dr. Maldoun."

The sergeant looked at him in consternation.

"You're what?" he asked.

"I killed Dr. Maldoun."

The desk sergeant did not seem impressed with the enormity of this confession.

"Sit down over there," he said, nodding to a bench that ran along the opposite wall.

Gilchrist looked at the bench and back at the sergeant. "But I killed him!" he said.

"Well, sit down." The sergeant was a little terse.

Presently he got on the telephone to headquarters and repeated what had happened. They took Gilchrist in and questioned him. He showed an intimate knowledge of how Maldoun's body lay when it was found, he described the in-

side of the laboratory, but his description was not accurate.

"You see," he told them, "Dr. Maldoun murdered my aunt, Mrs. Featherston. And I was framed with that crime and sent to jail. I didn't do it. I thought when I came out that as I had already been punished for a crime I did not commit, that I might as well correct the crime, and then I'd be even with the law. But it didn't work out like that. My conscience tormented me until I saw that I was all wrong—I saw that two wrongs don't make a right, however big one of the wrongs is. So here I am. I never had a moment's peace from the time the crime was discovered—until now."

They referred Gilchrist to a psychologist who said it was easy to understand. The long term of imprisonment had weighed heavily on Gilchrist's mind, his unwillingness to accept responsibility for the crime had made him subconscious-



*A Magazine of Good Living*  
1/- MONTHLY

ly place the blame on Dr. Malden, and this had led to his identifying himself with the murder.

There was a complete scientific case as to why Gilchrist did not do it—and no evidence that he had done it.

"Our experience is that people who give themselves up aren't ever guilty," the inspector of detectives said.

So they let Gilchrist go.

But there had been a paragraph in the paper describing the man who had confessed to the Malden murder, and after that a special article "By A Psychologist," describing why innocent people believe they are guilty of a crime. There were many other cases of people who claimed to have committed murder but had not.

The matter received considerable publicity. It was a new "line" to keep the Malden sensation going another day or so.

And it was as a result of this publicity that Gilchrist returned to his flat to find a woman standing outside. She was not a young woman, but she had kept her freshness as blonde women do, and she still preserved a slim and not unattractive body. She might have been in her early forties.

Gilchrist would have passed her, but he felt her eyes on him. He turned and looked at her without recognition.

"Gil!" she said.

He stopped and noted his weary mind for the responses that the familiar tone should have aroused. It was a familiar tone, but he could not just place it.

"Gil!" she said again. "Ever

since—I've been waiting for you to come out."

Betty! He had no wish to know her. He turned away and put his key in the door, opened the door and walked in. She pushed her way in after him, and caught his arm.

"Gil! Believe me, I have never married, I have waited for you. I have dreamed about this day, Gil. Every night for 17 years I've dreamed about this day."

Gilchrist was like an automaton. "Go away, girl," he said. "It's no good."

"But Gil—poor, poor Gil! It's no wonder you got a shock when Malden died, after all you've suffered. No wonder it upset you, Gil! But you must snap out of it, dear. Take me out to dinner."

He pushed her away. "Look at me, I look like a tramp."

"I'll wait while you shave and brush up."

"Go away!" he blazed. "You don't know what you're saying. Why, if I took a razor in my hand I'd—" he drew his finger jerkily across his throat.

"Then come to my art," she cried. "You're Gil—the man I've waited for. Do I care if you're an artist? Come on, please, please, Gil."

There seemed no other thing to do, so he took her to dinner. People stared at them—she smart, fresh, and vivacious; he dirty and almost corpse-like in his pallor.

And over dinner he told her quietly and seriously that he had indeed killed Malden. He told her why. He told her of the doubts that crossed his mind afterwards.

"Perhaps I killed an innocent

man after all," he said. "And the police jabber out their psychological theories and won't listen to me. They'd punish me all right when I was innocent. But a guilty man can't get justice if he wants it!" He laughed. Presently he left her.

"Promise me we will have dinner again—soon, dear," she said. "No," Gilchrist gasped. "It is silly. I have nothing to offer you, nothing you want. I'm a half-mad murderer."

She stopped his self-pity with a light, warm kiss.

"Very well, Gil," she said. "I'll call for you at noon tomorrow. And please, please don't let me down."

Gilchrist went into his flat and closed the door. He wanted something new to live for—Betty would be something to live for.

He could not, he said to himself aloud, take Betty. It would be a crime more terrible than those that had gone before. No, he couldn't do it. He wouldn't trust himself.

Then he rubbed his chin in thought, felt the stubble.

"I'll try to shave," he said aloud. "Perhaps I can manage it. And if I can get through shaving, then Betty will have what's left of my life."

He went into his bathroom and reached up his razor, and held it to his shaggy head, the sharp point trembling against his skin's pore. He saw his glowing, sunken eyes and the pallor and dirt of his face. The muscles of his right arm began to tighten, and the blade creased the skin.

Then the razor fell with a clatter into the basin, and with almost feverish haste he began licking the stubbled chin.

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THE case of Alexander Kels is known as San Francisco's Police Department as the Baring Haystack Mystery.

One night in 1933 small boys turned out to watch fireman fight a blaze in Old Man Woodson's haystack, outside Loch, in the San Joaquin Valley of California. The whole town turned out soon when word spread that the haystack fire had burned a grim horror—the charred body of a man in the skeleton of a sedan car.

No one was able to identify the

body in the haystack, burnt beyond recognition. All that was found were a ring of keys and the clasp of a coin purse. Nor could anyone recognise the fog-gutted car. But the most puzzling thing was that the charred body had its hands tied behind its back. This was no accident, it was murder.

Police eventually decapitated the blackened licence plates, which showed the car belonged to Alexander Kels, of Loch, a wealthy property-owner. His white-faced wife told them Kels had not been home all night, he had talked of threats lately from some business enemy, she identified the keys and purse fragments. Kels had left home about noon to collect rents. A check-up showed Kels must have had about £1000 in small notes in his wallet.

Opinion was that he had been murdered by some tramp to whom he had given a lift. There was talk of lynch justice. His widow, about to become a mother, col-

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lapsed at the funeral. But for want of close-it looked as though the case would go down untroubled.

About three months after the murder Detective Sanborn, studying the coroner's report, decided to follow another theory. The post-mortem showed the dead man had not eaten for six or seven hours before death. Funny! Kels had eaten a big lunch just before leaving home at noon. Investigating Kels's finances, he found Kels was not as well-off as supposed—but was mired with mortgages, and Kels carried £40,000 in life insurance. His widow had not yet attempted to collect.

Police announced that Alexander Kels was wanted for the murder of an unidentifiable man whose body he had tried to pass off as his own so his wife could collect the insurance.

It was a clever scheme, but not clever enough. Kels's big lunch had tripped him up. Eventually he was caught, pleaded guilty, and hanged for murdering a farm laborer.

But ironically Kels, by dying ingloriously on the gallows, achieved what he had sought by murder—the £40,000 insurance was paid to his distressed widow the day after his execution, money which did little more than pay his debts.

\*\*\*\*\*



IN a homely cottage just out of Amsterdam, Hans Van Gutten, home from the sea, spent his leisure questioning with his wife.

This was Hans's idea of fun—a time when he was master of the ship instead of merely an able seaman. But on this day in 1614 Hans's wife grew tired of questioning and threw a tin plate at her husband's head. Laughing, Hans stuffed it into his sea-chest as a souvenir of battle. "It shall travel," he said, "I promise you that."

Inside Hans's sea chest the tin plate went aboard the ship *Cornet*, commanded by Dirk Hartog, adventurer, buccannier and explorer. The *Cornet* ploughed southward, towards unknown latitudes, and in October, 1616, Hartog sighted land. It was barren, un-

friendly, dry land. The captain navigated along the coast until he came to an island a mile off shore.

Here, perhaps, would be water—perhaps even treasure. But ashore the land was no less barren. Nevertheless, the explorer had at least reached a country apparently never before trodden by white man. It called for some gesture.

So Dirk Hartog cut deeply into a tree his initials and the date of landing: October 25, 1616. But still he was not satisfied: wood rot and marks were obliterated by time. He needed a monument in metal.

Hans Van Gutten, who stood beside his captain, made a suggestion. Agreed—and Hans rowed back to the ship for his tin plate. An inscription scratched on the plate, it was nailed to a tree. Dirk Hartog

had left his truck on the west coast of Australia.

Hans's tin plate might have been forgotten if Captain Vlaming had not visited the island 80 years later and discovered the relic. He also was a Dutchman and with pride he removed Hartog's plate and replaced it with one of his own. Hartog's plate he took home and presented to his king.

The humble tin plate was housed in the Amsterdam Museum, home at last from an 80-year expedition

that had begun from the furious hand of a Dutch housewife. But this the Dutch authorities, as they installed it ceremoniously, could not guess. Only the descendants of Hans and his wife knew that story, gazing on the historic tin plate in Amsterdam Museum as they remembered Hans Van Gutten's prophetic words in his diary: "I left the plate nailed to a tree in the South Seas, but if I know the strength of my wife's arm, it will come right home again."

\*\*\*\*\*



IN Ned Kelly's secret camp—the hide-out of one of Australia's most impudent bushrangers—his men saddled their horses and loaded their guns. They ate a meal and murmured—Ned Kelly was on the track again.

It looked as though Ned Kelly were holding up a train: a gold train or a mail train. His men put a log across the rails and ambushed themselves beside the railway track. Ned looked at his watch: in five minutes the train was due.

He had worked out his campaign to avoid the heavily-armed contingent of mounted police that rode on patrol along the road to Benalla every day at noon. He could carry out his business and be back at his bush headquarters before 11.30 a.m.

Five minutes went by, then 10. They awaited. Twenty minutes, then 30. Ned pocketed his watch

apparently the train had been cancelled. They rode back to camp, disappointed: a great opportunity for the Kelly Gang had been missed.

This might have been just another stop of highway robbery, but papers captured a few years later, when the Kelly Gang had been smashed, tell a startling story.

Towards the end of his life Ned Kelly had gathered about him not only active henchmen but a surprising number of admirers. In hundreds of townships in Victoria and N.S.W. Ned Kelly could have asked freely for hospitality and help. He was a king of adventure. He was sure he had thousands of admirers, and he was right.

When Ned Kelly deployed his gunmen beside the railway line he was not after mailbags or gold. He was planning to hold up a police train, cottages of ammunition and guns. He was, in fact, planning a



Was it worth 12s. 6d.? The man smiled; it was worth more, and with 16s. in his pocket John Lemmon ran from Yarrawee Creek back into the town.

One night, on one of Melba's tours, John Lemmon mounted the platform in his home town. And as John Lemmon played his fute

across his lips to accompany the great diva, some in the audience might have seen tears in his eyes. For, strangely, enough, Ballarat's Alfred Hall is built over the old site of Yarrawee Creek, and John Lemmon was playing on the same spot he had played for his first fate, more than 30 years before that memorable night.

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**GEORGE DODD** in 1881 was Australia's best-known jockey.

He lived modestly, making the breeding of dogs his hobby, rather than yachting or the more expensive pursuits.

George Dodd was to ride Whist Ear in the Melbourne Cup. He told reporters the horse would make a good showing, he also asked the journalists to print a paragraph appealing to the public to find Prince, one of Dodd's prize dalmatians. Prince had broken free almost a week before and Dodd had searched without result.

Cup Day, 1881, dawned fine and clear, but still Dodd had not recovered Prince. It was only a dog he had lost, but he felt the loss so keenly that he told his wife he felt unlucky, surely the loss of

his dog was an omen. Mrs. Dodd had never known him so despondent before.

With a clang and a shout the 18 starters raced off for the Melbourne Cup, and out at front was Whist Ear, a rhythmic symphony of muscles. Then, suddenly, tragically, a flash of black and white broke loose from the crowd and bounded across the track. With a roar, and a whinny of frightened horses, the leader came down. George Dodd sprawled across the turf. When they reached him he was dead, his motionless horse running aimlessly in the wake of the field.

But Dodd was not alone. Standing by his side, panting and perplexed, was his lost Dalmatian, Prince—the omen he had feared. A dog, found at last, only to bring tragedy and death to his master.

\*\*\*\*\*



HE knew that he wanted to write great music—perhaps operas—but

somehow, as he fingered his piano's keys in a Surrey village, the inspiration of immortal music

did not seem to come. So he contented himself writing short songs and a few hymns.

Then one day he wrote a hymn that he thought the best he had done and he took the manuscript to the local minister and asked could he play it at service next Sunday. It was so popular that the congregation sang "Onward Christian Soldiers" again and again, and the villagers still hummed its catchy, martial tune when they left church.

To the unknown composer this was fame, of a sort, but not the kind he really wanted.

Sitting disconsolately at his piano he remembered that a friend had told him of a writer who had written the book and lyrics for an opera. He had not contacted the writer, assailed by doubts perhaps he would not like his music, perhaps, after all, he could not compose an opera. But almost unconsciously his fingers traced out the tune of his hymn, "Onward Chris-

tian Soldiers." As it had to his fellow villagers, it helped him go forward. Immediately he wrote to the lyricist.

In 1871 the combined effort of the unknown composer and the unknown writer appeared on the London stage. The opera was called "Thespis" and it proved one of the biggest flops in operatic history.

Perhaps both men might have given up, but one evening in Surrey as the composer and writer were reading more news of their failure the unknown sadly played the tune, "Onward Christian Soldiers." Spontaneously the writer held out his hand. It was a handshake that cemented success for both of them—a determination to go forward despite failure, inspired by the hymn written by a man who thought he could never compose anything else—a hymn that today still bears his name. So Arthur Sullivan. His writing partner W. S. Gilbert.

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# Talking Points

• **COVER.** Yvonne Nightingale — pretty name! — is the 18-year-old subject of John Lee's cover picture.

Miss Nightingale, who is learning photographic retouching and coloring, came out from England nine months ago to join her Royal Navy father.

Miss Nightingale is a typical English beauty, with her fragile, exquisite face. "Except," says an expert, "that you don't often see such glorious coloring in English women. Yvonne was an asset to our Cover Girl Queen."

• **CAVALCADE'S** Cover Girl Guest winner, blonde, 17-year-old Noel McGinley, is back in Melbourne, modelling for John Wexler and other photographers and taking part in fashion parades.

Looking back on her awarded, exciting season in Sydney, where she was to collect her awards, we recall one of the pleasant times in our journalistic lives. There was competition to meet such a spectacularly beautiful girl to the movies and the theatre, and to Prince's and Ransom's nightclubs, where heads turned to watch her as the dancer floor.

We were proud of Noel wherever we took her—proud, charming and well-spoken. We were proud of her pose when she walked through James's factory, with hundreds of girls looking up from their benches to greet her the coat-aver, proud of her charming speech to the staff over the public address system after she had been presented with presents and

fashion jockey. Noel said she would now be the best-worshipped beach girl in Melbourne.

We were proud of her dignity and graciousness at Tucson Ltd., where she received a dual-wave radio, at Holland's Binn, where she was given some hand-crocheted lace, at Lawrence's in Gray's arcade, where her department as well as her good looks showed her audience as a model.

We admired her charming way everywhere, when she received her other prizes—a set of six "Lobbs" bracelets, a costume length of Wesley cloth from Wexler Pty. Ltd., stockings and lingerie from Lustré Hosiery Ltd., two dress lengths of Sogolek Fabrics, a bicycle from A. G. Hering Ltd., made-to-measure foundation garments from Michele Corson.

It was a dizzy, busy fortnight for a young girl, but her composure, like her graciousness, was unaffected from the minute she arrived until the night we reluctantly put her on the plane for home.

• **PREVIEW.** A paradise isle where men are so pampered that on marrying, the women support her husband for the rest of his life, is described by George Farrell next month in *The Island Where Men are Served*. Other articles will be *Men are Still Bored Alone*, and the story of a ballet mistress, *She Brings on the Dancing Girls*. In addition to the regular long fiction story, these gay writers, Neville Fortescue and Dick Wardley, will contribute Ted Hopley.



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118 CAVALCADE, March, 1947

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